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R UINED ABBEYS AND CASTLES
OF
Great Britain.
G.B.
L.

BY
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

The Photographic Illustrations

BY
BEDFORD, SEDGFIELD, WILSON, FENTON,
AND OTHERS.



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P R E F A C E .

IN this volume the Publisher has availed himself of the accuracy of Photography to present to the reader the precise aspect of the places which, at the same time, are commended to his notice by the pen. It appears to us a decided advance in the department of Topography, thus to unite it to Photography. The reader is no longer left to suppose himself at the mercy of the imaginations, the caprices, or the deficiencies of artists, but to have before him the genuine presentment of the object under consideration. We trust that this idea of our Publisher will be pursued to the extent of which it is capable; and that hereafter we shall have works of topography and travel, illustrated by the photographer with all the yet-to-be improvements of the art, so that we shall be able to feel, when reading of new scenes and lands, that we are not amused with pleasant fictions, but presented with realities. With this sentiment we submit the present work to the public, as a step in the right direction, and as an evidence on the part of the publisher of a desire to assist in authenticating literature by the splendid achievements of modern art.

21st October, 1861.

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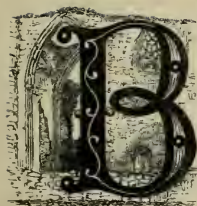
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Bolton Priory.

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower,
The bells ring loud with gladfome power ;
The sun is bright ; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf ;
Through the vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And ah, among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company !
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms :
Path, or no path, what care they ?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

WORDSWORTH.



BOLTON, (says Dugdale, carefully copied by the "Magna Britannia" of 1731,) a monastery of regular canons of St. Augustine, founded in 1120 by Robert de Romeli, Lord of Skipton-in-Craven, and Cecilia his wife, daughter and heir of William de Meschines, Lord of Coupland in Cumberland, at Emesey, and by them sufficiently endowed. It was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and

St. Cuthbert the bishop ; and Cecilia, in her widowhood, gave for the souls of her husband, and Ranulph and Matthew, her sons, her whole lordship of Childewick, with the mill and soke thereof, as also of Siglesden and Harwood, with the suit thereof. Alice de Romeli, their daughter, wife of William Fitz-Duncan (1 Henry II., 1151), translated these canons from Emsay to Bolton, which she gave the monks in exchange for other lands of theirs ; she being heiress to their founders, confirmed to them all their grants, and further granted free chase in her chase in Craven. King Edward II. (reg. 5,) having all their lands given by their several benefactors recited before him, confirmed them to them. This priory was a cell in some respect to that of Huntingdon, till it was discharged of that subjection by Pope Celestine III. The prior and convent granted to John de la Infula, or Lisle, Lord of Rougmont, a liberty to found a chantry of six chaplains in the church of Harwood, for the maintenance of which he gave one acre of land, and the advowson of the said church, for the good of his soul, and those of his ancestors. In the reign of king Richard II. (anno. 20), that king granted a license to Richard de Scrope, knight, to found a chantry of six chaplains, of whom one to be the Custos, in his castle of Bolton, and to endow the same with a yearly rent of £43. 6s. 8d. Other benefactors of this house were William Vavasor, who gave to these monks a carucate and a half of land, with the appurtenances of Fedon ; Simon Braam, who gave them a bovat of land in Over-Yeden ; and Alice Wentworth, one bovat of land in Wentworth. This priory was surrendered to King Henry VIII.'s visitors, in 1539, by Richard Moon, then prior, when it was found worth £212. 3s. 4d. per annum.

Here the reader has the whole skeleton history of the priory of Bolton, near Skipton-in-Craven, in the style which down to near our own time prevailed amongst topographers ; and which

often prevails amongst them now. This was the genuine Dryasdust system, by which you got the bare bones of the chief facts, and nothing but the bare bones; no flesh, no muscle, no skin, no beautifying colour and life. Topographers till the time of such men as Surtees of Durham, Whitaker the historian of Craven, Baker of Northampton, etc., seemed to imagine that nothing was worthy of record but the driest facts and genealogies. All those environments of scenery which are the life-blood of every place, were left out, and instead of a living presence we were presented with a corpse. Who would imagine that in Bolton we had one of the most charming spots, mingling the loveliest art with the loveliest nature that England or any other country can show? Whitaker, with a different sense of the unities which constitute the actuality of a place, says that for picturesque effect the site of this Bolton Priory has no equal amongst northern houses, and perhaps none in England.

But let us look a little at the ruins of the priory before taking in the whole picture. The ruins, surrounded and mingled with magnificent trees, present a most exquisite combination of towers, lofty broken arches and gables, with projections and windows of most varied character, draped with ivy, and standing on its low green sward in a noble monastic solemnity. The different portions of the building display every successive style from the Norman down to the decorated, the final order of Anglo-Gothic. It is evident at a glance that it has been the work of successive hands, and successive ages. To comprehend the whole the visitor must examine the details for himself. We are told that Alice de Romeli,—in 1151, thirty-one years after the period of the foundation,—who had married William Fitz-Duncan, nephew to David king of Scotland, gave this rich and sheltered spot to the monks in exchange for the more bleak and exposed estates of Skipton and Embsey: and that it was on a

most sorrowful occasion, of which we shall more particularly speak. The fortunate possessors did not cease to enlarge improve and enrich their house till Henry VIII. broke in upon them, still building, and wrested the property from Richard Moon, the prior, before he had completed his western tower.



BOLTON PRIORY, WEST END.

The visitor will be agreeably surprised to see the nave converted into a parish church, where divine service is still performed. In different parts of the nave still stand five lofty cylindric columns, and equally fine tall lancet windows, with fragments of stained glass, and beautiful tracery. At the east end of the aisle of the nave is the old Chantry Chapel, under

which is the burial vault of the Claphams and Maulevers of Beamfley. This is covered by eight large rough stones, above seven feet long, laid side by side, and rising nearly two feet above the floor. These old squires and knights are said to have been buried upright; and, if we were to believe Wordsworth, you might still see them through the chinks of the floor standing grimly in that position. But this is at present a mere poetical myth, founded, no doubt, on tradition.—

Pafs, pafs who will yon chantry door,
And through the chink in the fractured floor
Look down and see a grisly sight,—
A vault where the bodies are buried upright !
There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Maulevers stand ;
And in his place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce esquire,
A valiant man, and a man of dread
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red ;
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church,
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch.

The Tudor screen separating the nave from the transept remains, and also the roof of the nave, painted with broad lines of vermilion, and the beams resting on figures of angels, one of which stands on a crescent moon,—an evident allusion to Prior Moon. The choir, in the decorated style, retains its fine lofty windows, and specimens of tracery of uncommon beauty. On the floor are visible slabs covering the graves of different noble benefactors and priors. Fragments of four of the sedilia remain, and of a piscina of the early-English style, but greatly mutilated. On the south side of the choir are two chapels, which are the resting-places of the lords of Skipton. In one of them in 1670 was visible the effigy of the lady Romeli or Romille, the great patroness of the house. It is so no longer. In the old quadrangle stands a building appropriated as a school :

and the foundations of the chapter-house and of the prior's lodge are yet traceable. The guide-book to the abbey will enable visitors to notice every particular feature of this fine old pile. In the fields near still exists the priory barn.

"The ruins of this celebrated priory," says a modern writer, "stand upon a beautiful curvature of the Wharf, sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundation, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect. Its site is so shut in by hills and embosoming trees, that the stranger is not aware of it till he is almost on the spot." After passing an ancient, but snug and comfortable hostelry,—an agreeable object to those who contemplate a sojourn of some days here,—you cross a high, bald bridge, very different to the one erected in 1314 by Eve de Laund. On a beam in a cottage adjoining the bridge may be seen this inscription:—

Thow yat passys by yes way,
One ave Maria here now say.

On your left hand is a large pasture called the Town-field, bounded by the river, in which field, "amid corn almost ready for the sickle, Prince Rupert, it is said, on his way to Marston Moor, encamped in the last week of July, 1644." The elm under which he dined was remembered in the beginning of the present century. Again in 1745, the rebels pastured their horses there, though it was again laden with corn. There is a pleasant footpath from the bridge, across this fertile plain, to the abbey; but strangers generally proceed a few hundred yards further down the road, and enter the abbey-close by an opening in the boundary wall, which there remains in good preservation. There, some years ago, we entered. We came to a few cottages—to a high stone wall—to a small arched gateway; and passing through, what a little paradise burst upon us! There were the ruins of the priory amongst magnificent

trees ; there the river Wharf, sending up a musical but melancholy sound, a slender waterfall thrown from a purple heathery height just beyond, with the picturesque old parsonage and other houses lying amongst their trees, and beyond, the wooded valley stretching away amid rocks and forest hills, and the old tower of Barden closing the distant scene. What a beau ideal of a rural parsonage was that, with its old ivied porch, and, above it, its ancient escutcheon on its little tower, its garden and shrubberies ! There then lived the venerable Mr. Carr, the rector, who loved the place like a poet, and had done so much to open up its beauties to the feet and the eyes of strangers. He it was who had constructed the little chapel in the centre of the trees.—

In the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part—
A rural chapel, neatly drest,
In covert like a little nest ;
And thither young and old repair
On Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

The White Doe of Rylston.

What a day was that. Wordsworth and Whitaker had gone before us, and all the valley and the hills and the air were full of the memories of people and events that made the whole sacred ground. There stood the tower of Richard Moon, the last prior, who was eclipsed by the burly shadow of bluff Harry, and left his work unfinished. There it stands, with its fine receding arch embellished with shields and statues, and its grand perpendicular window stands like a screen at the western entrance. Opposite is seen the small shooting-lodge of the Duke of Devonshire, to whom this property has descended from the Cliffords, and which has been constructed out of the ancient gateway of the priory.

Crossing the river by large solid stepping-stones, we made

our way up that most enchanting valley, the charms of which have for years drawn thousands of visitors, and since the day of railroads hundreds of thousands. Through woodland shades, through wildernesses of rock and heather, and ferns and mosses, and ever and anon coming to a fine view of the dark rapid stream below us, or the airy hills around, we made our way to the famous STRID.

The reader is familiar with the story of the young lord of Egremont, who ranging the woods of Bolton, with his greyhounds and huntsmen, and coming to the narrow passage where the river pent up rages through in fury, leaped, but having a greyhound in a leash, and she a puppy at her heels, the dog hung back, and he was plucked backward, fell in and perished. Both Rogers and Wordsworth have celebrated this legend :—

The pair hath reached that fearful chasm —
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called the STRID—
A name it took of yore;
A thousand years it hath borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come;
And what may now forbid,
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across the STRID.

He sprung in glee, for what cared he
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep?
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen,
Till he rose a lifeless corpse.

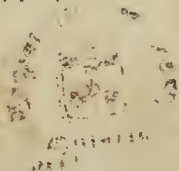
The Force of Prayer.—WORDSWORTH.



THE STRID.

When the huntsman stood before Lady Alice, his mother, he asked her "What is good for a bootless beane?" (What avails when prayer is useleſs?) And the mother, inſtinctively reading his woe-ſtruck countenance, replied, "Endleſs forrow!" And on hearing the fatal truth ſhe became the ſecond foundreſs of Bolton, ſaying, "Many a poor man ſhall be my heir."

When Lady Aaliza mourned
 Her ſon, and felt in her deſpair
 The pang of unavailing prayer ;
 Her ſon in Wharfe's abyſſes drowned,
 The noble boy of Egremont ;
 From which affliction when the grace
 Of God had in her heart found place —
 A pious ſtructure fair to ſee,
 Roſe up, this ſtately priory !



There have been attempts to overthrow this beautiful tradition, by showing that when Lady Alice gave her manor of Bolton to the canons, her son William was, according to a pedigree exhibited in parliament in 1315, set down as her only son, and as a party with her to the contract. But we prefer to consider this as relating to the first foundress, giving more faith to a tradition which has clung to the spot for seven centuries, than to a pedigree exhibited nearly two hundred years after.

Crossing a fine bridge to Barden, we stood before the old tower of the Cliffords. It is a ruin. "The shattered remains of Barden Tower," says Whitaker, "stand shrouded in ancient woods, and backed by the purple distance of the highest fells. An antiquarian eye rests with pleasure on a view of thatched houses and barns, which in the last two centuries have undergone as little change as the simple and pastoral manners of the inhabitants." So they remained at that moment, yet hence in ages past issued,

The stout Lord Cliffords that did fight in France—

that fought in all the wars of England from the Conqueror to Cromwell. Hence descended the famous Countess of Derby, granddaughter of Henry Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and the sister of Henry VIII., Queen Dowager of France. Hence Ann Clifford, the renowned Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, who lived from the days of Queen Elizabeth to those of Charles II., who found six ruined castles on her estates on coming into possession of them, and rebuilt them all, including this tower, of which an inscription in front of it bears testimony. Her reply to the agent of Charles II., who presumed to dictate a candidate for the borough of Appleby, deserves to live for ever:—

"I have been bullied by a usurper; I have been neglected by

a court ; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand.

“ANNE, DORSETT, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY.”

But no ancestral spot bears a more singular record than that of the Shepherd Lord. This was the son of Lord John Clifford, called the bloody or black-faced Clifford, who fell at the battle of Towton. His mother was obliged to fly and hide him, a mere child, from the vengeance of Edward IV., and bring him up as a shepherd in the wildest recesses of Yorkshire and Cumberland. Growing up in this condition to man's estate, when the attainder was reversed by Henry VII., he came and settled here, to be near the monks of Bolton, by whom his neglected education was repaired. With them he contracted a great friendship, and studied with them astronomy, and, no doubt, astrology as well as alchemy. The people believed strange things of him.

He knew the rocks which angels haunt
On the mountains visitant.
He hath kenned them taking wing :
And the caves where fairies sing
He hath entered ; and been told
By voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
Face of thing that is to be ;
And if men report him right,
He could whisper words of might.

WORDSWORTH.

Writings preserved in the archives of the Cliffords, writings attributed to him, say as much, and hint at mysteries that cannot be spoken, such as the secret of gold-making.

Hie wer accurfyde that soo wolde done
How schold yow have servans then,
To tyll your lands, and dryffe your plughe ?
Yff ev'ry mane to ryches came,
Then none for oth'r owght wolde dowghe.

But it is over Rylston Fells that falls the deepest enchantment of poetry. It was over these heathery fells that the White Doe used to take her way. On them stands the remains of the old tower of the Nortons, where the stout Richard Norton gave to the winds his standard, surrounded by his nine sons, in "The Rising in the North." Thence he bore the banner wrought by his only daughter, on which were displayed the crosses,

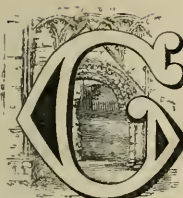
And the five wounds our Lord did bear.

In this poem Wordsworth has put forth a chivalrous strength and drawn a picture of devotedness in the father and in his son Francis, which, though opposed in its object, is equally noble.

Such are the memories which have cast their golden glory over Bolton Priory; the Vale of Wharf; over the Strid; over Barden Tower and Norton Tower on the grim Rylston Fells, and invested them with an interest to all time.



Glastonbury Abbey.



GLASTONBURY ABBEY, now reduced to a few ruined walls, had the distinguished honour of being the first church founded in Britain. "Est enim," says John of Glastonbury, "omnium in Anglia ecclesiarum prima et vetustissima, primo ex virgis torquatis facta, ex qua virtus divinæ sanctitatis jam inde à principio redolevit spiravitque in omnem patriam." It is the first and most ancient of all churches in England, originally constructed out of twisted withes, but from which the virtue of divine sanctity has already from this beginning breathed its fragrance over the whole country. This monkish historian of the then proud abbey, in the fifteenth century, tells us that it was called by the English EALDECHIRCHE, that is the ancient church, and that the people of that province found nothing by which they might swear an oath so sacred that they should fear to break it, as the ancient church; and that it was equally eminent by the reverence of its antiquity and of its magnificently exalted sanctity. "It was called a second Rome."

John of Glastonbury—whose chronicle was edited by Hearne, the antiquarian, from the MS. in the Ashmolean Library—tells us that he availed himself of the labours of William of Malmsbury, who wrote the chronicle of the abbey from its foundation by Joseph of Arimathea, in the sixty-third year of our Lord's

incarnation, the thirty-first after his passion, to the time of the Abbot Henry Bleys, bishop of Winchester, in the year 1126; of the brother Adam of Domesham, a monk of this house, down to the time of John of Tantonian, the lord abbot, in the year 1290; interspersing certain matters from Giraldus Cambrensis and Radulph of Chester; that he abbreviated the prolixity of the said Adam, omitting, adding, and reducing facts to their proper order; that he had endeavoured to follow the truth, though in a rude style and with uncultivated language—"Rudi quidem stilo, et sermone inculto,"—rightly thinking that "melior is veritas in simplicibus verbis, quam sit mendacium in venustate sermonis."

And truly, if the veracity of our historian is equal to the rudeness of his Latin, more reliable narrative was never written. He gives us *ulcio* for *ultio*, *eciam* for *etiam*, *way-viatores* for *viatores*; in fact, in almost every place substituting *c* for *t*, with phrases oft recurring of tolerable English with Latin terminations; with *michi* for *mihi*, *nichil* for *nihil*. And with what a simple faith our good chronicler relates his carefully-sifted facts. This is his account of the circumstances which led Joseph of Arimathea to Glastonbury:—The Lord being crucified, and all things accomplished which were foretold by the prophets, Joseph of Arimathea, that noble decurion (a commander of ten men, about equivalent to a corporal,) went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus, and wrapped it in fine linen, and laid it in a monument in which no man had yet been buried. Now the Jews hearing of this, fought "*apprehendere eum*;" and with him Nicodemus and others. These all hid themselves except Joseph and Nicodemus, who appeared, and demanded why they were angry because they had buried the Lord, and whether they had not yet reflected how much good he had done, and how ill

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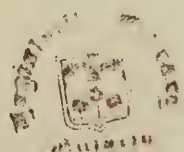
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they had done in crucifying him? Whereupon they seized Joseph and Nicodemus and shut them up in a chamber without a window, and gave the key to Annas and Caiaphas, and placed guards at the door. Nicodemus they soon set at liberty; but they determined to put Joseph to death because he had begged the body of Jesus, and had been the chief instigator of his burial. Being assembled to determine what death he should die, they commanded Annas and Caiaphas to produce him; but on opening the chamber they found that he was not there. In great consternation they sent messengers everywhere to learn news of him, and he was found quietly residing in his native city of Arimathea.

At this wonderful discovery the chief priests consulted how they were to induce him to come back; and "*tollentes thomum cartæ*,"—which, in Glastonbury Latin, means taking a sheet of paper,—they wrote to him confessing their great sins against him, and imploring him to come to his fathers and to his sons, who were all filled with admiration of his divine assumption; adding "Peace be with thee, Joseph, honoured of all the people." And they chose seven men, friends of Joseph, to carry this epistle, and honourably to salute the holy man on delivering it. Joseph kissed the messengers, took them into his house, and thanked God who had thus changed his enemies and the crucifiers of Christ. "*Alia autem die ascendit super asinum suum, et ambulavit cum illis, et venit Jerusalem.*" That is, the next day he got upon his ass, and ambled with them, and came to Jerusalem. The Jews assembling all kissed Joseph, and Nicodemus received him into his house, and made him a feast, and Annas and Caiaphas in full Sanhedrim inquired respectfully by what means he had been conveyed away from the chamber that was so well locked and guarded. Whereupon Joseph informed them that, as he was at his devo-



tions in the prison, at midnight, the house was suspended in the air by four angels, and the Lord Jesus appeared to him in a glory of light, and lifting him from the earth to which he had fallen, took him by the hand, washed him with rose-water, wiped his face, kissed him, and said to him (*dixit michi*), "Be not afraid Joseph, I am Jesus." He then showed Joseph the place where he had buried him, and the linen in which he had wrapped him, and the napkin in which he had folded his head, as a proof that he was the Lord; and then conducted him home to his house in Arimathea, bidding him not to go out for forty days, and so disappeared.

This account seems to have charmed the Jews; and as for Joseph, he betook himself to the evangelist Philip, and was baptised with his son Joseph. Afterwards he was delegated by St. John, whilst he was labouring among the Ephesians, to become the Para-nymph or devotee of the blessed and perpetual Virgin Mary, and of her glorious virgin assumption. And he joined St. Philip and other disciples who had seen and known the Lord Jesus and his mother Mary, and they preached through various regions, converting and baptizing many people, till, in the fifteenth year after the assumption of the blessed Virgin, he came with his son Joseph, whom the Lord Jesus had consecrated as bishop in the city of Shiraz, to the apostle Philip in Gaul. Philip, desirous to preach the gospel, sent twelve of his disciples, including his beloved friend Joseph and his son Joseph, into Britain, Joseph being put at their head. Five hundred men and women set forth with Joseph under vows of chastity, which however they broke, and only a hundred and fifty were allowed to accompany the saint. These by the command of the Lord set sail on the night of the Lord's ascension, on Joseph's shirt, which he spread for them, and arrived in Britain the next morning. But the sinners having repented,

at the prayers of Joseph, the Lord sent a ship which had been scientifically built by Solomon, so that it might last till the time of Christ. With them came Mordraius, a king of the Medes, and his general Vacianus, both of whom Joseph had formerly baptized in the city of Shiraz; for the Lord appeared to Mordraius in a vision, and shewed him that the perfidious king of North Wales had cast Joseph into a dungeon for preaching Christianity. Mordraius and his general Vacianus marched against him with an army, slew him, and liberated Joseph: upon which they all returned great thanks amongst much joy to God.

After this Joseph and his son travelled throughout Britain, where reigned king Arviragus, a barbarian, who with his people forbade them to preach the Christian faith. Yet, after a time, beholding the modesty of their lives, he gave to Joseph and his eleven religious brethren, including his son Joseph, equalling the number of the apostles, a certain island called YNSWITRYN, —that is, *Infula Vitrea*,—situated amid woods, thickets and marshes, and thus called on account of a stream which flowed round it through the marshes which was of the colour of glass, —whence the name of the place became Glastonbury, or the city of glass. It was also called the Isle of Avalon, from *Aval* the British name for an apple, being very prolific of that fruit. And this name of Avalon became very famous, not only on account of the monastery, but also that it was the burial-place of king Arthur. The settling of Joseph here was celebrated by a monkish poet in the following lines:—

*Intrat Avalloniæ duodena caterva virorum.
Flos Armathiæ Joseph est primus eorum.
Josephes, ex Joseph genitus, patrem comitatur.
His aliisque decem jus Glastoniæ propriatur.*

Here Joseph was directed by the archangel Gabriel in a vision

to build a church in honour of the mother of God, the perpetual Virgin Mary; and he pointed out to him the spot. In obedience to the archangel he constructed it in a circular form of plaited twigs, no doubt of willow, which must have been abundant there,—a sort of basket-work church. This was in the thirty-first year after the passion of our Saviour.

Here the holy brethren continued for years to serve God and the holy Virgin in watchings, fasts, and sacred exercises, so that Marius the son of Arviragus, and Coilus the son of Marius, granted them twelve hides of land around their humble oratory—a hide each. In course of time Joseph and his companions died. The spot was not chosen with much reference to sanitary principles; it must have been very damp and unwholesome: their lives probably were not long. Joseph was buried in a bifurcate line from the meridian angle of the oratory, in prepared hurdles, lying upon a figure of the adorable Virgin, “and having interred with him two vessels of silver filled with the blood and sweat of the prophet Jesus, by virtue of which neither water nor the dew of heaven can ever be wanting to the inhabitants of this most noble isle. When his sarcophagus shall be opened, which will be in the valley of Josaphat sometime before the day of judgment, it will be found to have been untouched, and be shown to the whole world.”

After the death of Joseph and his eleven companions the place continued long deserted, and from the abode of holy men became once more a lair of wild beasts, till it pleased the holy Virgin to recall her oratory to the memory of the faithful. Yet the race of Joseph of Arimathea was not extinct; on the contrary, it became the royal line, and the famous king Arthur was the tenth in descent from him. According to the book called the *Sanctum Graal*, this was the genealogy:—Helaius, the nephew of Joseph, was the father of Joshua, Joshua

of Aminadab, and so in succession followed Castellors, Manuel, Lambord, and a son not named, who was the father of Ygernam, who was the father of Uther Pendragon, the father of the renowned king Arthur.

A hundred years had passed over, and paganism still covered the kingdom of Britain, when king Lucius sent to Eleutherius, the thirteenth pope from St. Peter, desiring him to send Christian preachers. Eleutherius accordingly sent two holy men, Phaganus and Diruvianus, who arrived just one hundred and three years after the coming of Joseph and his companions. Led by God, they entered the wilderness of Avalon, and discovered the remains of a cross and other signs identifying the place which God had chosen to be the first church of his Son Jesus and of the mother of Jesus in these realms. With much joy they rebuilt the oratory, and twelve brethren continued to live there; their places at their death being filled up by successors, till St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, became the first abbot of Glastonbury: and thirty years' indulgence was granted by pope Eleutherius to all Christians from other parts of Britain who visited Glastonbury; thus confirming the faith amongst the Britons. Phaganus and Diruvianus had built a new oratory of stone, which they dedicated to Christ and the apostles Peter and Paul; and, by direction of the Lord, they also erected an oratory to St. Michael on the top of the hill in the island, to the last of which those seeking the grand indulgence had to make their pilgrimage.

Such is the story of the founding of the mother church of England according to John of Glastonbury. Such were the legends by which the earlier Roman Catholics satisfied the simple faith of the people great and small. We are afraid that the narrative will not agree very well with the history of the early British church, which admitted no claims of Rome at

this period, and denied both its assumptions and many of its doctrines. Quite as little is it to be expected that the Irish protestants will concede that the great saint of that island, St. Patrick, after his conversion of the Hibernians, came over to Glastonbury, and lived and died its first abbot, in full communion with the papal church. Such a version we must refer to the monk Joscelin of Furness Abbey, who wrote the life of St. Patrick in the twelfth century, and first converted him into a Roman saint. That and the next age was a time when the Roman hierarchy in Britain, as in other places, was busy destroying the churches and schools of the primitive church; and then, after some of them had been five hundred years in their graves, made saints of the very men who had stood the boldest adversaries of all Italian corruptions or assumptions; namely, Patrick, or as originally called Succat; Columbkille, Kevin, Columbanus, Gallus, Claude Clement, Erigena, Albinus, Virgilius, and a host of others. The truth seems to have been, that at an early day primitive Christianity was driven out of England into Ireland, and thence to Iona, and returned thence again to both England and the continent through the apostles of the Irish school of Bangor, and of the venerable Iona. As for Ireland, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, in his life of Malachy, bishop of Down, says that he and the monks sent over thither by Bernard himself, were "the first true monks Ireland ever saw." And this is fully confirmed by archbishop Usher, who says that Malachy, archbishop of Armagh, and Laurence of Dublin, both in the twelfth century, were the first bishops of Ireland canonized by the pope.

Yet it is amusing with what gravity John of Glastonbury tells us that he was sent by Pope Cælestinus in 425 to convert the Irish—that having refused to be made pope himself, he landed in Cornwall, and went thence to Glastonbury in 433,

having in the meantime converted the Irish nation with many portents and miracles—that is, in eight years. There he found the twelve brethren, who hailed him abbot. St. Patrick in a charter which he granted, containing an indulgence of one hundred days to all pilgrims thither, is made to tell us that he found in the monastery, the Acts of the Apostles and the Acts of Phaganus and Diruvianus. Patrick, says John of Glastonbury, lived to the age of one hundred and eleven, having been abbot thirty-nine years.

There has run a legend that Joseph of Arimathea on arriving at Glastonbury struck down his walking-stick, an Asiatic thorn, whilst he prayed, and behold, it shot out boughs, leaves, and flowers, and continued to flourish there as the famous Glastonbury thorn till the destruction of the monastery by Henry VIII. But it seems that this miracle attended St. Benignus, the adopted son and immediate successor of St. Patrick. Benignus having been for seven years educated in Rome, despising the prospect of pontifical dignity which it appears—he, like St. Patrick also had, and warned by an angel, set out on a pilgrimage. He was led by God to Glastonbury, where he found his patron St. Patrick, and to whom he told his divine mission. St. Patrick said, “Go on, my beloved son, contented with thy staff. And when thou comest to the spot where the Lord has predestined thee to settle, strike thy staff into the earth, and it shall shoot forth, grow verdurous, and blossom.” Benignus, therefore, made a long travel through forests, moors, and marshes, but the stick did not shoot into life till he came again to Glastonbury, where, our historian tells us, it continued to his own day growing a large and spreading tree close to the oratory of the saint.

From the time of St. Patrick and of this miracle the fame of Glastonbury grew rapidly. Many kings, queens, princes,

and generals desired to be buried there, because the founder, St. Joseph, had buried the Lord. Continually new grants of estates and privileges were made to it by kings and great men and women, till in time it became the most wealthy and magnificent monastery, as well as the most ancient, in the kingdom. Amongst the principal donors of land were king Arthur, king Domp, king Cenewalch, king Baldred, Wilfrid archbishop of York, king Kinewulph, king Ina, who built the great church, king Offa, king Egbert, king Athelwulf, king Alfred, queen Elfeda, king Edwin, king Edgar, king Edmund Ironsides, Edward the Elder, and Edward the Younger, king Canute, besides many other kings, queens, dukes, and noble men and ladies.

Amongst the chief persons interred in the church and the cemetery were numbers of saints and bishops, as well as kings ; of course, Joseph of Arimathea and his son, the bishop of Shiraz, Phaganus and Diruvianus, the restorers of the place ; St. Dunstan, one of the most famous of Glastonbury abbots, and archbishop of Canterbury, renowned for his pinching the devil's nose with hot tongs, but by his cotemporaries more renowned for his active genius. He built a small room near the oratory, where he worked. He wrote, he painted, he carved cups and crosses and other articles, as well as made vestments for the mass, which our author says were kept to his time. He was deeply versed in historical ballads, and the magical songs of the Saxons, regarded in those dark times with peculiar horror. St. Urban the pope and martyr lay there, saints Appollinarius a disciple of the apostle Peter, and Oswald, Patrick, Benignus, Aidan, bishop of Lindisfarne, the Venerable Bede ; the bones of St. Gildas the historian, of St. Hilda, abbess of Whitby, and of many other abbeesses and saintesses.

As for kings and great men, such were the numbers brought

hither to be buried, that the whole pavement of the church, even about the high altar, above it and below it, and on each side, and those of the two chapels, and the surface of the whole cemetery, were so crowded by them that it was difficult to find place for any other. And those who lived in distant regions, even to a certain Soldan, sent for its sacred earth to be buried with them. Here king Arthur, who was fond of seeking rest and retirement from the cares of government at the abbey, died of a wound received from his nephew, the usurper Modred, in Cornwall, and was buried in the cemetery about the year of our Lord 542. Nine feet deep was he buried, left the Saxons his enemies, whom he had so often conquered, should find and insult his remains. On a leaden cross, however, placed under the stone which covered him, and with the writing turned next to the stone for concealment, was inscribed :—"Hic jacet sepultus inclitus rex Arthurus in insula Avallonia, cum Guennevera uxore sua secunda." But Guennever was buried sometime after, and placed over king Arthur, only six feet deep. Six hundred years afterwards his remains, at the repeated instigation of Henry II., were sought for and found, as well as those of his queen Guennever. The cross and inscription were entire. The bones of the king were of an enormous size ; and the hair of the queen still looking fresh and enveloping her bones, yet falling to powder on being touched. These were transferred to the church and buried in separate tombs ; that of the queen being at the foot of that of the king, before the high altar. Here Edward the First, and Elinor the queen, coming in 1278, had these tombs opened, and found all as before described. The king then wrapped the bones of Arthur in a rich pall, and the queen did the same by those of Guennever, and replaced them in their tombs, sealing them with their seals. But they retained the scull and

the legs of each, to place on the tombs for the devotion of the people, with an inscription commemorating these facts. Both our great Edwards visited Glastonbury. Edward III., with his queen Philippa, in 1331, came with a princely train, and on leaving presented the abbey £80, and four silver cups, one very magnificent, and an embossed water jug also of silver.

As for sacred relics collected at Glastonbury, their mere catalogue would make a little book. They included almost everything in sacred history.—Fragments from the tomb of Rachel; the altar of Moses; the rod of Moses; the manna of the children of Israel; the sepulchres of Isaiah and Daniel; the remains of the three men in the fiery furnace, of the swaddling-clothes of our Saviour; two portions of the very manger in which he lay; the stone from Jordan on which Christ stood to be baptized; one of the stones offered by the devil when he desired Christ to command the stones to be made bread; one of the water-jars in which our Lord turned the water into wine; a piece of the bread with which he fed the five thousand; a piece of the stone on which he stood in the temple, of his garment without a seam, of the robe that Herod put upon him, of the scourge with which he was scourged, of the table at which he supped with his disciples, of the sponge offered to him with vinegar, of the cross, the sepulchre, of the hole in which the cross stood; one of the thorns from his crown; the stone from which he ascended into heaven, and of every other imaginable thing connected with his history. And the same of the Virgin Mary, of the apostles, of John the Baptist and all the martyrs, the saints by hundreds, and holy virgins by dozens. The list of these relics by John of Glastonbury fills seventeen closely-printed octavo pages.

What a pile of mendacious rubbish with which to gull the simple souls of those dark times! These were the baits with

which the Romish Church then fought to draw people to what they called Christianity. Can any one wonder that, as soon as light dawned, all these spurious trumperies, all the lying miracles which kept them company, and of which we have most ludicrous examples in our chronicler John, and all the purgatorial inventions following after them, should not only move disgust, but tend to destroy faith in the real miracles, and the real hereafter of revelation? The blow given to a vital faith in Christianity by the Church of Rome by these base and selfish arts, and of which their own historians are the attestors, is felt even in the present day, in the feeble credence of professed believers, and in the vast spread of a hopeless materialism.

Sailors at sea bait for fish with a mere bit of red rag, the mockery of a piece of flesh; but the Romanists of the middle ages baited for souls with more empty and senseless things. Yet for the cupidity of the rich and powerful, God made them unconsciously and blindly bait with substantial temptations. Their vast hoarded wealth, their gold and silver vessels, their shrines garnished and loaded with jewels, their pictures by the greatest masters, and still more their magnificent estates, drew the eyes and hearts of kings and nobles even as they pretended to worship, and at length they laid rapacious hands on the whole stupendous prey. The system was built on the delusive sands of imposition, and when the floods and tempests of secular power beat upon it, it fell, and great was the fall thereof. What a moral in this worldliness! The very things which they imagined were building up their strength were preparing their destruction.

What a right royal estate did that of Glastonbury grow to! From the wicker church and the ten hides of marshy, thicketty land—in the time of the abbot Richard Beere, in the year

1507, and the eighteenth of the reign of Henry VII., the abbey had grown into a most magnificent pile, full of opulence and dead men's bones, and its lands and lordships to an amplitude which required a volume merely to enumerate them. Such a volume the abbot Richard Beere had compiled from



GLASTONBURY ABBEY, CHANTRY CHAPEL.

actual surveys and perambulations, which was duly preserved in the abbey library, of which the mere extracts given by John of Salisbury amount to sixty-six pages. Thomas Sutton, "*humilimus, quanquam lonnge indignus, hujus sacri cœnobii professus, officium gerens cellerarii forinfici,*" who wrote the book called the "*Terrarium cœnobii Glastonienfis,*" tells us

with what labour the work was done:—how the noble abbot called in the assistance of men not only “*industrios et diligentes, verum eciam magnos, eruditos et sapientes* ;” namely, John Fitzjames, armiger and learned in the law, and seneschal of Glastonbury ; William Lange, auditor and præpositor ; with John Horner, the land-surveyor, a prudent man, and bailiff of Whitstone, with other assisting menfurants ; Thomas Somerfet and William Walton clerks of the treasury.

The enumeration and description of the estates belonging to the abbey were enough to make the mouth of a much less rapacious monarch than Harry VIII. water. Such fine old manors, —Glastonbury, Estrete, West Pennard, Godenye, Mere, Northlode, Estbrent, Therlesmere, Lympleshame, Southbrent, Berghes, Wryngton, Hunstert, Merkyisbury, &c. At these manors were noble manor-houses, churches, chapels, vineyards, mills, lakes and pools for fish, immense moors for firewood and game, parks, streams, quarries of stone, orchards for fruit, and every imaginable thing that can make a very principedom. The monarchs of those times might well have asked with James of Scotland, “What want these knaves that a king should have ?” Within the manor of Glastonbury proper we are told that there was not only the princely abbey, but all requisite buildings for the administration of justice, for holding sessions and trying criminals ; for the abbey had all the rights of a lordly jurisdiction held by charter of Edmund, namely, “*libertatem et potestatem, jura et consuetudines, et omnes forisfacturas omnium terrarum suarum ; id est, Burgbrice, Hundredocna, Athas, Ordelas, Infangenetheofas, Frithbrice, Forestealle, et Toll et Team ; et sint terræ suæ sibi liberæ, et solutæ ab omni calumpnia, sicut meæ michi habentur.*” Which barbarous terms would require a little volume of legal exposition to set forth all their fulness of power and privileges. But, in short,

they held all these lands free of the king or of any feudal lord whatever; had all the rights of thief-taking and hanging when taken, of holding and letting lands by common soccage, of exercising all rights of water as well as of land; rights of fish and forest, of levying toll at their mills, and of compelling every one in their vicinity to grind at their mills. On the manor of Glastonbury alone there were four mills—a water mill, a wind-mill, a horse-mill, and a fulling-mill. Still more, they had the right of compelling the tenants to do their team-work, to draw their fuel and other necessaries, and to do their ploughing and sowing and harvesting at a certain price. Moreover certain tenants were bound to do what was called lundmary, or Monday-work, and were called Mondaymen. They were bound every year, summer and winter, to work forty days for the lord abbot for six hours a-day, at whatever work and where he chose, and not when they chose, at an obolus or halfpenny a-day, amounting each man to twenty-pence the year. “Opera custumariorum tenentium Domini ibidem, vocata Moundayewarkes, facta et facienda per diversos tenentes, vocatos Mondaymen; videlicet quod quilibet eorum, ex antiqua consuetudine, annuatim per quadraginta dies, per ministros Domini eis assignatos et limitatos, ad placitum Domini, et non ad libitum tenentium, operabitur quadraginta dies yemales et æstivales, qualibet die inde operando et bene laborando per sex horas integras cujuslibet diei eis assignati, capiendo quilibet eorum, quando sic operatur, obolum, cujus summa est *xxd.* per annum.”

Some also worked eight days during the autumn, having, no doubt during the harvest, a penny a-day. The customs varied in other manors; in some, all tenants without exception working at the call of the lord abbot, for more or less days, and in default paying a fixed fine. Besides these, there

were by ancient custom other men who worked on the moors, called Moormen or Chalengelondmen, who cut down, carried, stacked, and cut up for use, wood for the lord's fires, working at this eleven days each year, at a penny a-day. These moormen, or Chalengelondmen, had to clear the water-courses and mend and make walls for fences; others dressed the vineyards, for they had such then, and grew the vegetables on the same terms, and drew the wine and other provisions to the abbey by wagon or in boats.

To the abbey belonged vast parks for deer and other animals. The parks of Wyralle and Sherpehame are particularly mentioned, as well as the vineyard of Wyralle. This park, it says, contains three hundred and twenty-two acres; "in which park" the lord abbot Richard had newly erected an exceedingly beautiful manor-house, with chapel, eating-rooms, chambers, butteries, kitchen, and adorned with all other necessary apartments; the front of the manor being enclosed by stone walls, and the rest by fawn oak pales. To which adjoined an orchard, stewes for fish, etc. In this park, three hundred deer, and forty larger animals might be maintained, and hawking could annually be pursued in the surrounding meadows of one hundred and fifty-two acres.

There was also in this manor a moor called Hultemoor, of two hundred and seventy-three acres; another moor, Hethmoor, or the heathery moor, of eight hundred acres; a third moor, Southmoor or Allermoor, that is Aldermoor, of one thousand one hundred and forty acres, which was formerly incapable of being hunted, from the thickness of the alder-trees, but was then grazed by the tenants, and furnished fuel for the monastery; and a fourth moor, of four hundred and thirty acres, called Kynnyard Moor. In this one manor, therefore, there were park and moorlands for chase, grazing, and fuel, to the amount of nearly three thousand acres. In

what a lordly and yet Nimrod solitude muſt theſe jolly monks have lived !

The lakes and pools for fiſh and wild-fowl were numerous, and ſome of them of vaſt extent. That of Mere alone was a mile long and three-quarters of a mile broad. There were “gurgites,” not as you would ſuppoſe whirlpools, but weirs where fiſheries for eels and other fiſh were carried on. Some of theſe, as Lichelake or Cockſmere, were let for as much as one hundred and fix ſhillings and eightpence per annum,—a great ſum then. There were alſo large woods on the different manors, and copſes ; and on all theſe manors were pleaſant manor-houſes, with all appurtenances. That of Eſtbrent may ſerve as an image of them all. It had chapel, hall, dining-room, chambers high and low, buttery, cellar, bakehouſe, kitchen, larder, a dome on the ſouth ſide of the kitchen called the wodehouſe, with chambers above, called giſten chambers, and various other chambers nobly built, with a ſumptuous portico, bearing the abbatial arms, with a garden of an acre enclosed by hewn oak paling of eight feet high. In the exterior court, “unum ſtabulum, cum ſolario (fundial) et hayhouſe, cum penſald.” On the north ſide was an orchard of the choiceſt apples and pears, and other fine fruits, of three acres one perch, ſurrounded by elms and oaks of a wonderful height and bulk, where the herons built and reared their young. At Wryngton manor the orchard was eleven acres eleven perches, with barns and granges, and cattle-ftalls, and dove-cotes ; and a lodge before the great gate, called Goggeboure, rented by William Trewbody. Beſides all theſe, there were numerous farms and villages bringing in ample rents, and quarries of freeſtone—“Quarrura pretrarum liberarum, vocat freeſtone”—with other mills and fulling-houſes, with fines and dues of various kinds.

What a growth from the wicker church and the ten hides

of land ! That magnificent abbey with its many gables and peaked roofs, grey with age ; its lofty church carved and crocketed, and solemn with heaven-seeking pinnacles, and faint-and-king-peopled niches : with its lofty aisles and soaring columns, its gnoaped and rose-centred arches ; its pavements storied with the mementos of the great dead ; its organed choir ; its gold-fretted altar ; its gorgeous-hued windows ; its chanters and incense ; and all around its lands, and hamlets, and forests.

On all this glory came down the rude hand of Henry VIII. What a shock and astonishment was that which went through the realm ! These proud houses, proud in assumed humility ; these lordly mitred abbots and priors, these self-solacing monks and friars, this system which seemed based on the eternities—suddenly shaken, shattered, hurled down. Those fertile lands, those chace-haunted moors, those solemn woods, those pleasant and lordly nests of devotion lapped in luxury,—all grasped and appropriated by hungry and hard-handed barons and supple courtiers : and a new and mightier aristocracy built on the ruins of the church. Not a fragment of them left for the poor : not that third which the church professed to dedicate to the poor : but clergy and laity, almoners and alms-recipients at the buttery door, all turned adrift together. It was as if the very pillars of the earth had given way ; and a wide howling and roaring misery was left behind. That misery and the crimes engendered by it outlived the great despoiler, Harry. In vain he hanged the homeless vagabonds by thousands yearly. They outlived him and his son, and his eldest daughter, and compelled, at length, the lion-hearted queen Bess to restore the portion of the poor by the Poor-law Act of the thirty-fourth year of her reign.

And now, after the flight of three hundred and more years,

that great revolution is but as a tale that is told. The mossed and ivied walls of abbey and monastery remain alone to say that such things were; once sacred, now only picturesque: and we who now enjoy those once sacred lands, imagine, like their quondam conventual possessors, that our status is secure as the earth beneath us, and that we shall never be moved: dreaming not of the social revolutions in the bosom of time—of the perpetual elements of change in the heart of society; and that, from period to period, “*Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

Amongst the more remarkable historical events and customs of the place we may note the following. The Abbot Herlewinus is supposed to have built the exquisite chapel of St. Joseph. He had been a monk at Caen in Normandy, where he had been conversant with the finest Norman architecture of his time. He built a noble church, and was of so hospitable a disposition, that he threatened to deprive the porter of the abbey of his ears, if he drove from its gates pilgrims without relief. William of Malmesbury says that so early as seven hundred and nineteen such was the magnificence of this abbey, that it had a chapel plated over with two thousand six hundred and forty lbs. of silver; and had an altar of gold of the weight of two hundred and forty-six lbs., with many precious gems and costly robes.

Such was the power assumed by the abbots, and their strict assertion of their rights, that when King Edward I. paid his visit, the abbot would not admit him till he had appointed his own sheriff of the twelve hides, and his own earl-marshal, lest, by the king exercising any sovereign rights, the chartered privileges of the abbey should be impaired. Neither would he allow him to hold an assize at Glastonbury, but the king was obliged to hold it in the village of Street, beyond the boundaries of the abbot's jurisdiction.

These noble buildings received much damage at different

times. In 1184, much of them was destroyed by fire, but they were rebuilt under the munificent patronage of Henry II. During the abbacy of Adam de Sodbury, an earthquake, in 1276, threw down many of the monastic buildings, and great part of St. Michael's church on the summit of Tor-hill. The abbey itself this spirited abbot rebuilt, adding also the beautiful chapel of St. Mary, which terminated the east end of the church, adorning it with gorgeously painted windows, and many valuable gifts of gold, silver, and precious stone. The church when complete was five hundred and ninety-four feet in length, or two hundred and twenty-three feet longer than the cathedral of Wells. The abbey possessed a valuable library. We have a catalogue of it as it existed in the time of John of Glastonbury; and Leland, who saw it about sixteen years before its destruction, says:—"No sooner had I crossed the threshold of this library, than the sight alone of so many ancient works struck my mind with devout astonishment, so that I even drew back amazed. Then, after saluting the presiding deity, for many days I remained examining its burdened shelves." There were splendid copies of the scriptures of the Fathers, the Casuists, the histories of Bede and Gildas, most of the Greek and Roman classics, Gestas of the Normans, of the popes, of the Fall of Troy, Lives and Miracles of the Saints, Passionals of the Saints, Libri Prognosticorum, the Enigmata of St. Aldhelm, and the Didascalicon of Hugo. Besides these, there was an extensive collection of charters conferred on the abbey, and missals, breviaries, passionals, antiphonalia, etc., most superbly written and illuminated by the monks. They had a fine large room, called the Scriptorium, in which they carried on their literary and artistic labours. The Rev. J. Williams, in his account of Glastonbury Abbey, says, "In goldsmiths' work and jewellery instances of their most beauteous workman-

ship still remain. Their caligraphy is unrivalled, as exemplified in ancient documents and charters. The illuminations of their missals are not now to be matched; nor can modern artists surpass their painted glass in the intensity and permanence of its gorgeous colouring. An astronomical clock, made by Lightfoot, monk of Glastonbury, is still preserved in Wells cathedral."

The monks of Glastonbury were Benedictines, and their rules were very severe; but there is abundant historical evidence that for a long time they had not been too austere in the observance of these rules; which otherwise demanded that they should perform their devotions seven times in the twenty-four hours. During Lent they fasted every day until six in the evening, and were then compelled to shorten the usual time of sleeping. They slept in the dormitory in separate rooms, and always in their clothes. During the day they were obliged to go two and two together. They never conversed at their meals, but listened to the reading of the Scriptures. For small faults they were expelled for a short time from the refectory; for greater ones they were debarred from public religious services. Incorrigible monks were expelled from the abbey. Every monk had two coats, two cowls, a table-book, a knife, a needle, and a handkerchief, and his bed-furniture consisted of a mat, a blanket, a rug, and a pillow.

One of the most remarkable events of Glastonbury was the introduction of a German monk, Savaricus, as abbot. This was one of the stipulations for the release of Richard I. from his captivity in the castle of Dürrenstein on the Danube. The abbot Henry Swansea had to be superseded, and a violent opposition was made by the monks; but Swansea was made bishop of Winchester, and thus the storm was somewhat appeased, but its effects continued long. This was a proof that its wealth was so notorious as to excite the cupidity of even foreign

monarchs. At the time of its fall the revenues of the abbey amounted to £200,000 per annum, according to the present value of money. The commissioners of Henry VIII. thus describe its domains:—"The house of Glastonbury is great, goodly, and so princely that we have not seen the like. It has four parks adjoining: the furthest but four miles distant from the house, having a large weir or lake, which is five miles in compass, that being a mile and a half distant from the house, well replenished with great pike, bream, perch, and roach. Also four fair manor places belonging to the lord abbot, the furthest three miles distant, being goodly mansions, and also one in Dorsetshire, twenty miles distant from the monastery." Whenever the abbot wished to go to one of these retreats, or elsewhere, he was accompanied by a retinue truly regal, consisting of a bannered host of a hundred or more in number, in splendid military costume, armed, and preceded by a great crucifix. The people thronged to the highway as he passed, to receive his blessing and pay him homage on their knees. In this style he went up to parliament, where he sat mitred and croziered, the first abbot of the realm.

In the last abbot, Richard Whiting, Henry VIII. found a sturdy resister of his spoliation. He refused to obey the royal injunction to surrender. He declared that he held the trust from God, for the service of religion and of the poor, and he would not concede his functions to mortal command. He was summoned to Wells, and the Oath of Supremacy put to him. He refused to take it. The church-reforming king did not pause at trifles. He had the abbot waylaid; a confessor was forced into his carriage, and he was bade to prepare for death. In vain did he supplicate for a few days to take leave of his brethren and prepare his soul; he was dragged to the top of Tor-hill on a sledge, where he could not only look down on

Glastonbury, and all his noble estate, but over a magnificent expanse of country one hundred and forty miles in circumference. There lay below him the beautiful Isle of Avalonia; the Wyralle or Weary-all-hill, the Chalice-hill. In the midst of this august scene, enough to make the most heavenward heart feel a touch of lingering affection, he was barbarously hanged, with his treasurer, John Thorn, and his under-treasurer, Roger James, on the 14th of November, 1539. His head was placed on the gate of his abbey, and his four quarters sent to be exposed at Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgewater. Such was the fate of the last of fifty-nine abbots who had held the crozier at that famous shrine for one thousand one hundred and fourteen years.

Rapacious hands very soon not only stripped its altar, and rifled its coffers and walls, but dashed in its gorgeous windows, demolished its carved monuments, reft from its roof lead and timbers, knocked down its lofty columns, shattered its sculptured capitals and niches, and built cottages or made roads with its stones grey with centuries. In the words of William Lisle Bowles:—

All is silent now! Silent the bell,
That heard from yonder ivied turret high,
Warned the cowed brother from his midnight cell.
Silent the vesper chant—the Litany,
Responsive to the organ! Scattered lie
The wrecks of the proud pile, mid arches grey:
While hollow winds through mantling ivy sigh;
And even the mouldering shrine is rent away,
Where in his warrior weeds the British Arthur lay!

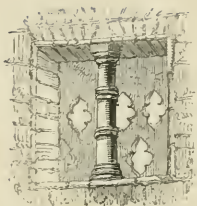
Amongst the remains at Glastonbury, which are now preserved with care, are some fine arches of the nave of the great church, with the chapel of St. Joseph at the west end. The chapel is a beautiful object, its principal walls remaining, and testifying by their round arches, and especially by the one richly ornamented receding portal, its Norman period. The portion

which connected it with the portico which led to it is of the later pointed style, or Early English, as is the abbey church itself. The abbot's kitchen remains entire, and the tower of St. Michael's church on Tor-hill stands a striking object far over the country. The church itself was overthrown by an earthquake in 1276. The abbot's barn on the right of the road leading to Pennard, is another remaining building; and in High-street, Glastonbury, stands an old building supposed to be the court-house, or tribunal. The churches of St. Benedict and St. John were also connected with the abbey. Some traces of wall are also shown as having belonged to the old hospitium of the abbey: and at the foot of Tor-hill on the north side still flows the chalybeate spring, regarded as holy during the palmy days of the abbey, and long afterwards of great celebrity for its healing quality.

We may close this notice by a curious fact mentioned by the Rev. J. Williams.—In July, 1859, was sold in London, by auction, the Conventual Register and Cartulary of Glastonbury Abbey, in which was inserted a letter of Bishop Tanner, stating that he had rescued the volume from destruction at a grocer's. It realized £141 15s.



Iona, or Icolmkill.



It would be difficult to imagine a voyage of more interest,—whether we regard natural beauty, poetical imagery, or the intellectual attractions of a sacred antiquity,—than to the venerable ruins of Iona, once the Christian school which diffused its cheering light over the barbarous tribes, not only of Great Britain, but of the European continent. We there tread the ground hallowed by the footsteps of those British apostles who resisted the haughty spirit of Rome, and planted the pure doctrines of the cross in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and even Italy. Columb and Columbanus, Gallus and Aidan, and others, who, pursuing the same work as their countrymen, Virgilius, Albin, Erigena, Clement, Donatus, etc., spread the independent Christian truth far and wide in the face of domineering Rome.

In proceeding to this ancient Western fane, which combines so many circumstances which ought to be ever dear to Protestantism, we embark on a voyage of wild beauty, bringing us also into immediate communion with poetry as well as religion. As we have said on a former occasion, the spirit of Collins and Thomson, of Ossian, of Leyden, and Scott and Campbell, is upon us. We desire to see the regions which they have invested with so many charms—to tread the lands of

second-sight and airy spirits. We would look on the tombs and shattered images that stood when

Aodh, famed afar,
In Iona preached the word with power ;
And Reullura, beauty's star,
Was the partner of his bower.

These words of Campbell's reveal to us that his Aodh lived when Rome had not asserted her dogma to the clergy, "forbidding to marry ;" but the lonely Culdee, the missionary of these then semi-savage isles, had the comfort and society of his helpmeet to cheer him in his labours and sympathize in his discouragements and successes. Besides sailing for the region of these primitive labours, we are at the same time bound for the regions of ghosts and fays, of mermaids and kelpies, of great krakens, and a hundred other marvels and miracles. We sail along the busy banks of the Clyde, the romantic kyles of Bute, the cloudy heights and hollows of Arran ; skirting the solitary shores of Cowal, and cutting through the Mull of Cantire by the Crinan canal, we issue into the Sound of Jura, and are in the swell of the wild Atlantic, surrounded by leaping waves and screaming sea-fowl, and dark storm-beaten crags. Soon we hear the roar, and observe the foaming waves, of the far-famed eddy of the Corywrekan, tossing and leaping in strange commotion. From Oban we set sail for the Western Isles, and as we traverse the Sound of Mull, behold, a thousand mountain-heights and objects whose names recall scenes of old romance. The castle of Duart, Artornish Hall, the cloudy land of Morven, the region of Ossian, and then we are in Mull, sailing up the very harbour of Tobermory, where one of the ships of the Spanish Armada perished. Then we are coursing over the breezy waters, amid distant prospects of the Hebrides, Eig, and Canna and Rum, and the blue tops of the far mountains of Skye, gazing on the near shores of Treshanish,

Gometra, Colonsay, and Mull; with Staffa, and its celebrated cave, a huge, isolated crag, rising from the waters before you.



IONA.

And anon you approach the rocky isle of Icolmkill, a wild and naked crag-land of about three miles long and one wide. "It is needless," says Robert Chambers in his "Pictures of Scotland," to inform the reader that this is, as Johnson expresses it, "the illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion."—That it was, in the sixth century, the place where Columbus, an Irish saint, first propagated the Christian faith amongst a people formerly devoted to the super-

stitutions of Druidical paganism.—That it was for centuries the ordinary burial-place of the Scottish kings; and that it afterwards became at once an abbacy and the seat of the bishopric of the Isles. The relics which still exist to attest its former greatness are very numerous. The cathedral is a building still pretty entire, one hundred and sixty feet long without, and thirty-four broad. Within the choir, which is itself sixty feet in length, are several fine pillars, carved in the Gothic way with great variety of fanciful and ludicrous figures, representing parts of scripture. Amongst the rest is an angel with a pair of scales weighing souls, and the devil keeping down that in which the weight lies with his foot. On his face is portrayed a malicious grin. The east window is a beautiful specimen of Gothic workmanship. In the middle of the cathedral rises a square tower of about eighty feet high, supported by four arches, and ornamented with bas-reliefs. In the chancel there is a tomb of black marble, with a fine recumbent figure of abbot Macfingone, who died in 1580. On the other side of the chancel is a similar monument to the abbot Kenneth. On the floor is the figure of an armed knight, with an animal sprawling at his feet. On the right of the cathedral, and contiguous to it, are the remains of the college, some of the cloisters of which are still visible. The common hall is entire, with stone seats for the disputants. A little to the north of the cathedral are the remains of the bishop's house, and on the south is the chapel dedicated to St. Oran, pretty nearly entire, sixty feet long and twenty-two broad, but nearly filled with rubbish and monumental stones. In the enclosures adjoining to this building, forty-eight Scottish kings, four kings of Ireland, eight Norwegian monarchs, and one of France, are said to be interred—perhaps the most extensive holy alliance or congress of European sovereigns on the other side of the grave. Icolmkill,

which is properly termed Hii, and classically Iona, was the depository of a vast collection of valuable papers and books, all of which were dispersed or destroyed at the Reformation. Other buildings of a monastic character can be traced throughout the island.

Martin in his account of the Western Isles, says that Columba built two churches and two monasteries, one for men and one for women.—That in an empty piece of ground betwixt the church and the gardens, murderers and children who had not received baptism were buried.—That near the west end of the church, in a little cell, but without any inscription, is the tomb of Columba.—That a little further to the west lie the black stones on which Macdonald, king of the Isles, delivered the rights of their lands to his vassals in the isles and continent, with uplifted hands and bended knees; and in this posture, before many witnesses, he solemnly swore never to recall those rights; and this was instead of his great seal. Hence it was that when any one was certain of what he affirmed, he said positively “I have freedom to swear this matter upon the black stones.” At some distance from the cathedral is St. Oran’s Church, commonly called *Reliqui Ouran*, because the saint of that name is buried in it. About a quarter of a mile further is the church of Ronad, in which the prioresses were buried.

Much destruction of these remains has taken place since Martin visited the place, and much had been perpetrated before. It is said that there were formerly three hundred and sixty stone crosses in the Island of Iona, which since the reformation have been reduced to two, and the fragments of two others. The synod of Argyle is reported to have caused no less than sixty of them to be thrown into the sea at one time; and fragments of others, which were knocked to pieces,

are to be seen here and there, some of them now converted into grave-stones. Amongst the most curious sculptures remaining, are Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit under the tree, on St. Martin's cross, which is eight feet high, composed of the red granite of the island, as are also the carved pavement of St. Oran's chapel, especially that of some singular bells, and the grotesque scenes carved on the capitals of the pillars in the cathedral.

The destruction here, in which the original erections of the Primitive British church have suffered for being found in connection with the additions of their Romish successors, are greatly to be regretted, especially when we observe the masterly style of the sculpture, the singular stories indicated in some of the carving on the walls, and the unique and beautiful foliage and flowers with which the tombs are adorned by the chisel, which cannot be seen without a lively admiration. No time of itself could have destroyed them; for they are mostly of the red granite, or syenite, of which the rocks and islets around consist; and are enclosed by low walls of the same stone, rounded into great pebbles by the sea.

The wild and desolate aspect of the place strongly impresses on the visitor the perils and persecutions of those savage times, which drove the professors of the Christian faith to such a stony wilderness, amid the howlings of these northern seas. The present inhabitants of the island are exceedingly poor and ignorant. As you draw near the coast, you behold a low bleak shore, backed by naked hills, and at their feet a row of miserable Highland huts: and at separate intervals the ruins of the monastery and church of Ronad, the church of St. Oran and its burying-ground, and lastly, the cathedral raises its square, red, solemn bulk. You are immediately on landing surrounded by little children offering pebbles of green serpentine, which

they collect on the shore, in little dishes : and by the guide offering his little books descriptive of the place and its antiquities. Every few days through the summer the steamer lands its passengers to view the ruins ; but these bring no advantage to the place, for they make their survey, and then proceed on their voyage.

But from the present desolation the mind ascends back with an affectionate interest to that time when, from the sixth to the tenth centuries, the professors of the ancient Christian church of Britain and Ireland flourished here, guarded by the elements and the stern sterility of these then remote regions—“far off amid the melancholy main,” and sent forth their devoted disciples to preach Christ, not only over the British isles, but on the continent. To those who would inform themselves of this noble race of preachers of a pure and primitive faith, we would recommend the perusal of a most interesting little volume entitled, — “Annotations on Dr. D’Aubigné’s Sketch of the Early British Church,” by Mrs. Webb of Dublin.* In this ably and earnestly written little volume Mrs. Webb has most completely demonstrated the error of Dr. D’Aubigné, in attributing the labours of this church to the Scotch instead of the Irish. To none but a foreigner could the name of Scots at that period have been supposed to refer to natives of Scotland. The Scots were natives of Ireland, who carried their name to Scotland, by migrating to the Highlands, the inhabitants of which are their descendants. Up to the eleventh century, Scotland bore the name of Albin, or Alba, latinized to Albania. “Irish and Ireland,” justly remarks Mrs. Webb, “Scotch and Scotland, as at present applied, were introduced by the Normans in the eleventh century. Hibernia and Scotia, prior to that

* Published by Wertheim and Macintosh, Paternoster-row ; A. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate-street ; Robertson, Dublin ; and Paton and Ritchie, Edinburgh.

date, were exclusively applied to the present Ireland, and should have been so translated from the original of Bede's history." Bede used the term Scot and Scotia as they were used in his day, Irish and Ireland being names unknown.

We shall not quote further proofs of the correctness of our authorefs's statement; they are too obvious to be denied. We shall rather avail ourselves of her facts, to show how noble a place was once Iona.

After the first preaching of Christianity in Britain, and during those centuries in which Rome was overrun by the northern barbarians, the pagan Saxons persecuted and expelled the Christian teachers from England. Charlemagne converted the Saxons on the Elbe by the persuasive arguments of fire and sword to a nominal Christianity: but the pagan Saxons, who made themselves masters of England, murdered the Christian natives, and gave them no alternative but apostacy or death. Numbers of these escaped into Ireland. Mrs. Webb claims for the Irish the enjoyment of letters from a period much anterior, and that they accepted these fugitive apostles of Christ's faith, "which was pure from any admixture of Roman elements, either of sophistry or luxury, with open arms. And soon they sent forth a purer development of unsophisticated, practical Christianity, than had issued from any of the old regions of Roman dominion. Hibernia's industrious, self-supporting schools, produced the principal Christian luminaries that irradiated the gloom of the continental nations between the fifth and eleventh centuries. During that period her indefatigable missionaries, with their simple habits and single-hearted devotion, spread a knowledge of the gospel and a taste for letters among the English Saxons, the Picts of North Britain, the Franks of Gaul, the inhabitants of Switzerland, and the Scandinavians of Iceland. Flanders, Germany, and even Italy herself, in those

ages, were indebted to Hibernia for their most accomplished teachers. And finally, ere the ecclesiastical ambition of Rome, leagued with Norman love of power and plunder, had crushed the independence of the Hibernian church, she had impressed the phase of gospel principles on the dwellers in the mountains of the Vosges, the Alps, and the Apennines, where they still live amid much poverty and godly sincerity."

In asserting the general justice of Mrs. Webb's statements, we must at the same time remark, that, like all zealous advocates, she has gone a little into the extreme. In defending the church of Ireland she has overlooked the primitive church of Wales, etc. : in maintaining the Bangor of Ireland she has ignored the Welsh Bangor. But the truth is, that when the Christians of England were persecuted by the invading Saxons and Danes, they fled to Wales, Cornwall, and Armorica, as well as to Ireland ; and great numbers remained there till finally crushed by the church of Rome. Bangor in Wales, as well as Bangor in Ireland, was a great school of that church. We know that after the arrival of St. Augustine from Rome in 597, with the forty monks sent by Gregory I., the system of aggression on the British church was persistently carried on till it was finally overpowered. We know that Ethelfrid, the king of Northumberland, the obedient instrument of Augustine, killed two thousand of the British clergy in cold blood at Caerleon, or Chester. Neither must we admit, what Mrs. Webb seems to infer, that the apostles of Ireland first planted the truth amongst the Waldenses, Vaudois, etc. That truth existed there from the apostolic times, and would make them welcome such men as Columba, Gall, and Clement, who there strengthened but did not originate those churches.

But too much praise cannot be bestowed on these Irish and Iona missionaries for what they did. St. Patrick appears to

have been the son of one of those British Christians who had taken refuge in Brittany, and who being, as a youth, carried off by Irish pirates to Ireland, became there the great means of spreading Christianity amongst the wild tribes of that island. A great school of Christianity was established at Bangor in the county Down, which sent out many famous and indefatigable men. One of these was St. Columb, who went over and settled on the barren island of Iona in the year 565, thirty-two years before the arrival of St. Augustine in England. There, with some of his Christian companions, he built an humble abode and an humble church. Columb was a member of the Royal family of Ireland, a grandson of Fergus, and his original name was Crimthan; but the name of Columba, or the Dove, was given him on account of his meekness. Amid this stormy ocean they established a seminary of Christian education, Columba maintaining the most simple life, and having a stone for his pillow. "The sages of Iona," says D'Aubigné, "knew nothing of transubstantiation, or the withdrawal of the cup in the Lord's Supper, or of auricular confession, or of the prayers to the dead, or tapers, or incense; they celebrated Easter on a different day from Rome. Synodal assemblies regulated the affairs of the church, and the Papal supremacy was unknown. The sun of the gospel shone upon these wild and distant shores. In after years, it was the privilege of Great Britain to recover with purer lustre the same sun and the same gospel." St. Columb and his companions and followers at Iona were the great missionaries of the Christian faith amongst the Picts of Scotland.

From the same primitive school, bearing their independence boldly against Rome, went forth from Iona and Bangor a noble host. Columbanus, a younger and different man from Columb, went forth with his friend Gall into Switzerland and France. They established Christian schools in the Vosges, and founded

the abbey of Luxeuil. There they had numbers of zealous students. Twenty years afterwards, Columbanus being expelled from the Vosges, Gall settled in Switzerland; but Columbanus proceeded to Lombardy, and there, under the patronage of the king, Agilulf, founded the convent of Bobbio in the Apennines. The schools in the Vosges remained, and Columbanus was invited to return to them; but he declined, and continued to live at Bobbio with his friend Jonas the abbot. St. Gall founded the monastery called after him, and of which the town still retains the name, on the river Steinach, and died at the age of ninety-five.

Aidan, an apostle from the island of Hii, or Iona, was invited by Oswald, king of Northumberland, to Christianize his people, amongst whom he laboured assiduously, travelling everywhere on foot, and giving everything that he had to the poor amongst whom he preached. He became first bishop of Lindisfarne, where he died in 651, twenty-two years before the birth of Bede, venerated to enthusiasm by the people. His successors, Finan and Colman, had to stand strong contests with the abbot Wilfrid, and the rest of the Roman clergy, and were finally compelled to return to Iona. But from the Hibernian school went forth other missionaries, extending their field of labour to the continent. Clement spread the gospel in Bavaria, where, protesting against the errors of Rome, he was denounced and sent prisoner to the Pope. The Catholic clergy were especially scandalized at his being a married man. Fellow-labourers of his were Sampson and Virgilius. The latter carried the gospel into Carinthia, and became bishop of Salzburg, but not without encountering the hostility of the papal clergy whose errors he opposed. So far was Virgilius before his age, that he anticipated Galileo, and declared that there were antipodes,—a theory much discussed even in the third century,

and ridiculed by Lactantius. For this Virgilius was denounced as a heretic by Boniface, the archbishop of the German churches.

Another of these Irish missionaries in the ninth century, John Scotus Erigena, settled at the court of Charles the Bald, translated the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, and, what was still more extraordinary, in his work, "*Margarita Philosophiæ*," first broached the system of phrenology, revived by Gall a thousand years afterwards, either with or without the knowledge of Erigena's theory. In a copy of this work deposited in the libraries of Oxford or Cambridge, it is said that the human skull is mapped out into different organs, similar to those of Gall.

Another of these extraordinary men, Claude Clement, more commonly called Claude or Claudius of Turin, in the ninth century founded the University of Paris; and his friend John Scott, called Albinus, founded that of Pavia. Claude became bishop of Turin, where he lived till the year 839, forty-seven years after he quitted Ireland, having had to maintain an arduous conflict with Rome against its errors, the worship of images, the intercession of saints, etc. "If those," he said, "who have forsaken idols, worship the images of the saints, then they have not forsaken idols, but changed their names. Whether thou paintest thy walls with figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, or of Jupiter and Saturn, neither are the latter gods, nor the former apostles." Claude's countrymen, Sedulius, became bishop of Oreta, and Donatus of Fiesole; and modern travellers have been astonished amid the valleys of the Vaud to hear airs of Scottish psalmody, which had no doubt been planted there by these early apostles of Britain.

Calling to mind the memory of this early race of devoted men, members of the island church of Iona, or of the mother of Iona, Bangor, we tread the desolate stones of these ruined shrines with an exalted pleasure. From this waste sea-wilderness what

seeds of the great truth have been sown wide over the earth, now producing a hundred and a thousand-fold in the restored church, under its modern name of Protestantism.

Poetry has delighted to hang its wreaths on the shattered columns of Iona. Collins says :—

Where beneath the showery west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms were laid :
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest ;
No slaves revere them, and no woes invade.
Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
The rifled mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes and wreathed in shining gold,
And on their twilight tombs ærial council hold.

But Campbell has sung a nobler strain in honour of “ the dark-attired Culdee,” for so were the clergy of Iona called. He represents an invasion of Iona by a band of savage Danes, who ravage the place, but are surprised by the apparition of St. Columbkille, who destroys their leader by causing the fall of his statue upon him, and sends them astonished away. All this Reullura, the wife of the Culdee Aodh, had foretold ; but she herself has, during the onset of the Danes, plunged into the sea and perished.

Star of the morn and eve
Reullura shone like thee,
And well for her might Aodh grieve,
The dark-attired Culdee.

Peace to their shades ! the pure Culdees
Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
Ere yet an island of her seas
By foot of Saxon monk was trode ;
Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
Were barred from holy wedlock's tie.
'Twas then that Aodh, famed afar,
In Iona preached the word with power ;
And Reullura, beauty's star,
Was the partner of his bower.

But, Aodh, the roof lies low,
 And the thistle-down waves bleaching,
 And the bat flits to and fro,
 Where the Gael once heard thy preaching :
 And fallen is each columned aisle
 Where the chiefs and the people knelt.
 'Twas near that temple's goodly pile
 That honoured of men they dwelt.
 For Aodh was wise in the sacred law,
 And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw
 The veil of fate uplifted.
 Alas, with what visions of awe
 Her soul in that hour was gifted!

When the faint had confounded the marauders by his presence,
 and destroyed their chief—

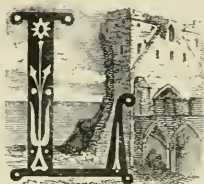
A remnant was called together,
 A doleful remnant of the Gael,
 And the Saint in the ship that had brought him hither
 Took the mourners to Innisfail.*
 Unscathed they left Iona's strand,
 When the opal morn first flushed the sky,
 For the Norse dropped spear, and bow, and brand,
 And looked on them silently.
 Safe from their hiding-places came
 Orphans and mothers, child and dame :
 But alas! when the search for Reullura spread
 No answering voice was given,
 For the sea had gone over her lovely head,
 And her spirit was in heaven.

And so the catastrophe of the venerable Iona was complete ;
 the mourners returned to Innisfail, and the church and the
 schools of the Culdees remained desolate till made the seat of a
 papal abbacy.

* Ireland.



Lanthony Abbey.



ANTHONY ABBEY, in the retired vale of Ewias, in Monmouthshire, presents in its remaining ruins one of the finest specimens of the Norman-Gothic. It was built in the year 1108, in the reign of Henry I., when the Norman rule, and the Norman taste in everything, prevailed. All who have seen the Abbaye aux Hommes and Abbaye aux Dames at Caen, in Normandy, built by William the Conqueror and by Matilda his queen, will be at once struck by the resemblance, especially in the squareness and massiveness of the outlines, and of the ample and square towers. In these fine old remains we have that mingling of the round arches of the past Saxon and the pointed ones then first introduced. The pointed arches, too, are of differing characters; some are acutely lancet, others of a more obtuse fashion. The building is divided at every separate height of window by bands running along the whole façade; and the west front in particular exhibits those unions of arches, and also blank arches, which marked the progress of Anglo-Gothic from the single round arches of the old Saxon, into a greater freedom, airiness and ornament. The northern side has the least mixture of the Norman pointed arch, and in the east are immense entrance arches of both kinds.



LANTHONY ABBEY.

Lanthony, like Glastonbury and many other monasteries, had its literary monk, who became its historian; and from the monk of Lanthony we learn the following particulars, as preserved by Dugdale in his "Monasticon:"—St. David, uncle of king Arthur, finding a solitary place amongst woods, rocks, and valleys, built a small chapel on the banks of the Honddy, or Black Water; pronounced Honthy. He passed many years in this hermitage, but after his death it was deserted for several centuries. It still, however, retained the name of Lan Dewi Nant Honddu, or the church of St. David on the Honddy, since corrupted into Lanthony. But its restoration was by one William, a military retainer of Hugh de Laci, a great Norman

baron of the reign of William Rufus, who, whilst hunting, suddenly discovered the mouldering hermitage of St. David, and was struck by a desire to abandon the world, and finish his days there. "He dismissed his companions," says the monk of Lanthony, "and devoted himself to God. He laid aside his belt, and girded himself with a rope; instead of fine linen he covered himself with hair-cloth, and instead of his soldier's robe he loaded himself with weighty irons. The suit of armour, which before defended him from the darts of his enemies, he still wore as a garment to harden him against the soft temptations of his old enemy, Satan, that, as the outward man was afflicted by austerity, the inner man might be secured to the service of God. That his zeal might not cool, he thus crucified himself, and continued his hard armour on his body until it was worn out with rust and age."

He was afterwards joined by Ernesti, the chaplain of Maud, the queen of Henry I., and they built a small chapel in 1108. This was soon afterwards augmented by Hugh de Laci, earl of Hereford, the patron of William, into a priory of canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. Large gifts of money and land were soon offered, but the two brethren declined them, desiring to "dwell poor in the house of God;" and they were so earnest in defence of their poverty, that they put up constant public prayers against wealth, and deprecated its acquisition as a dreadful misfortune. But their pious resolution, like that of all other monks, was speedily overcome by the arts of a woman. "Queen Maud," says the monk of Lanthony, "not sufficiently acquainted with the sanctity and disinterestedness of William, once desired permission to put her hand into his bosom, and when he, with great modesty, submitted to her importunity, she conveyed a large purse of gold between his coarse shirt and iron boddice, and thus, by a pleasant and

innocent subtlety, administered some comfortable relief to him. But oh! the wonderful contempt of the world! He displayed a rare example that the truest happiness consists in little or nothing! He complied, indeed, but unwillingly, and only with a view that the queen might employ her devout liberality in adorning the church."

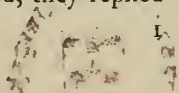
But the charm was broken; gold had found its way into the priory, and by its inevitable attraction abundance more flowed after it. Splendid buildings speedily arose, and in the midst of them a magnificent church. For a while something of the pristine discipline continued, however, and the monk of Lanthony describes the place and establishment in these terms:—"There stands in a deep valley a conventual church, situated to promote true religion, beyond almost all the churches in England: quiet for contemplation, and retired for conversation with the Almighty. Here the sorrowful complaints of the oppressed do not disquiet; the mad contentions of the forward do not disturb: but a calm peace and perfect charity invite to holy religion, and banish discord. But why do I describe the situation of the place, when all things are so much changed since its pristine establishment? The broken rocks were traversed by herds of wild and swift-footed animals; these rocks surrounded and darkened the valley, for they were crowned by tall towering trees, which yielded a delightful prospect at a great distance to all beholders, both by sea and land. The middle of the valley, although clothed with wood, and sunk in a narrow and deep abyss, was sometimes disturbed by a strong blighting wind; at other times obscured with dark clouds and violent rains, incommoded with severe frosts, or heaped up with snow; whilst in other places, there was a mild and gentle air. The large and plentiful springs from the neighbouring mountains fell with a pleasant murmur into a river in the midst of the valley, abounding with fish. Some-

times, after great rains, which were extremely frequent, the floods, impatient of constraint, inundated the neighbouring places, overturning rocks, and tearing up trees by the roots. These spacious mountains, however, contained fruitful pastures, and rich meadows for feeding cattle, which compensated for the barrenness of other parts, and made amends for the want of corn. The air, though thick, was healthful, and preserved the inhabitants to an extreme old age; but the people were savage, without religion, vagabonds, and addicted to stealth. They had no settled abode, and removed as wind and weather inclined them."

This is a sufficiently lively description of a location amid Welsh mountains at that period. The monks were doomed to feel the effects of the civil strife betwixt Maud and Stephen. The Welsh took refuge in the convent, and, in fact, seem to have taken free possession of it. They came with their wives and children, and quartered themselves in every part of it. The women took possession of the refectory. They sang profane songs, and scandalized the holy brethren "by their light and effeminate behaviour." Complaining of this rude invasion to Robert de Betun, bishop of Hereford, he invited the monks to Hereford, and then prevailed on Milo de Laci to grant them ground at Hyde, near Gloucester, where they built a church in 1136. But this proved the ruin of Lanthony. The monks were too much attached to the populous and more civilized city, and refused to return to the old Lanthony when the troubles were over. The new Lanthony, as the Gloucester establishment was called, received ample endowments from King John and other benefactors. The monks were courted by the great, and soon revelled in every species of luxury and worldly pride. They claimed the pre-eminence of the new over the old monastery.

"When the storm subsided," says the monk of Lanthony,

“ then did the sons of Lanthony tear up the bounds of their mother church, and refuse to serve God as their duty required : for they said there was much difference between the city of Gloucester and the wild rocks of Hatyrel ; between the river Severn and the brook of Hodani ; between the wealthy English and the beggarly Welsh—*there* fertile meadows, here barren heaths. Wherefore, elated with the luxuries of their new situation, and weary of this, they stigmatized it as a place unfit for a reasonable creature, much less for religious persons. I have heard it affirmed, and I partly believe it, that some of them declared in their light discourse,—I hope it did not proceed from the rancour of their hearts,—that they wished every stone of this ancient foundation a stout hare. Others have sacrilegiously said,—and with their permission I will proclaim it,—they wished the church and all its offices sunk to the bottom of the sea. They have usurped and lavished all the revenues of the church ; *there* they have built lofty and stately offices ; *here* they have suffered our venerable buildings to fall to ruin. And to avoid the scandal of deserting an ancient monastery, long accustomed to religious worship, and endowed with large possessions, they send hither their old and useless members, who can be neither profitable to themselves nor others, who might say with the apostle, We are made the scum and outcast of the brethren. They permitted the monastery to be reduced to such poverty, that the friars were without surplices, and compelled to perform the duties of the church, against the custom and rules of the order. Sometimes they had no breeches, and could not attend divine service ; sometimes one day’s bread must serve for two, whilst the monks of Gloucester enjoyed superfluities. Our remonstrances either excited their anger or ridicule, but produced no alteration : if these complaints were repeated, they replied—“ Who



would go and sing to the wolves? Do the whelps of wolves delight in loud music? They even made sport, and when any person was sent hither, would ask, 'What fault has he committed? Why is he sent to prison?' Thus was the mistress and mother-house called a dungeon and a place of banishment for criminals."

The old Lanthony never surmounted these usurpations of the new. Its library was despoiled of its books; its storehouse of its deeds and charters; of its silk vestments and relics, embroidered with gold and silver; and the treasury of its precious goods. Whatever was valuable or ornamental in the church of St. John was conveyed to Gloucester, without the smallest opposition, and at last the Gloucester monks carried thither its very bells, notwithstanding their great weight. Edward IV. made the Gloucester Lanthony the principal, but compelled the monks to maintain a prior and four canons at the original abbey. At the dissolution in 1539 the old Lanthony was valued at £71 3s. 2d., and the Gloucester monastery at £648 19s. 11d. At that period Richard Hempsted was the prior of Lanthony, and on his surrender he obtained a pension of £100 a-year. Anthony à Wood says that he carried away many ancient manuscripts from the abbey, and gave them to his brother-in-law. The abbey was sold to one Richard Arnold, and was purchased of Arnold's descendant, Captain Arnold of Lanvihavel, by Harley the minister of Queen Anne, and so became the property of the Earls of Oxford.

In 1806 Lanthony was purchased by Walter Savage Landor, the celebrated poet and prose writer. For the estates of Lanthony and Comjoy he paid in purchase-money and improvements £70,000. His improvements were extensive. He for many years employed between twenty and thirty labourers in building and planting. He made a road at his own expense

eight miles long, and planted and fenced half a million of trees, and had a million more trees ready to plant. But Lanthony was not destined to become more agreeable to him than it had been to the monks. According to his own statement to us, he received such infamous treatment from both his steward and his principal farmers, during his sojourn on the continent, that he determined to abandon the place as a residence. He had built a house at a cost of £8,000, but he pulled it down stick and stone, that his son might not be exposed to similar vexations by living there. Two farmers especially, brothers, whose united rents amounted to £1,500 per annum, refused all payment till compelled by law, and then fled to America. From these tenants the steward received £1000; but Landor says he never saw a farthing of the money, and he was afterwards obliged to dismiss the steward too. He states that he had twelve thousand acres of land at Lanthony, much of it, of course, mountain; and that he had twenty watchers of game on the hills night and day, but that he never saw a grouse upon his table, though the game cost him more annually than he lived at after leaving Lanthony.

Such is the history of one of the finest monastic ruins in one of the most monastic seclusions of the United Kingdom. Those who now visit it will find part of the priory buildings converted into a small romantic inn: and, whilst they contemplate the profound repose of its situation, will little suspect the passions and discontent which have agitated and embittered its history from the days of William and Ernesti to those of the impulsive author of "Ghebir" and "Imaginary Conversations."

Near the ruins of the abbey there is a subterranean passage, faced with hewn stone, about four feet six inches high. The people say that, according to tradition, it passes under the

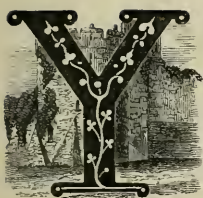
mountains to Oldcastle, which, if it were true, would connect it with another place of great interest—the house of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, the leader of the Lollards in the reign of Henry V., who concealed himself at this Oldcastle for some time, but was taken and burned in St. Giles's Fields in 1417; being, says Horace Walpole, “the first author, as well as the first martyr, amongst our nobility.”

LANTHONY.

There may be mightier ruins;—Conway's flood
Mirrors a mass more noble far than thine,
And Aberystwith's gaunt remains have stood
The ceaseless shock where wind and wave combine;
Lone is Dolbadarn, and the lovely shrine
Of Valle-Crucis is a spell of power,
That stills each meaner thought and keeps enchained;
Proud of that long array of arch and tower,
Raglan may claim a rude pre-eminence;
Tintern is peerless at the moonlit hour,
Neath, Chepstow, Goodriche, each hath its pretence;—
But mid thy solitary mountains, gained
By no plain beaten path, my spirit turns
To thee, Lanthony! and, as yet untrained,
Freely to worship in thy precinct yearns,—
Now, left to nature's Pilgrims unprofaned!



Chepstow Castle.



YEARS ago, as I issued from the Bristol steamer, and was ascending the steep High-street of Chepstow, on a fine autumn morning, I became aware of a tall, stout, florid-looking man in middle life, also labouring up behind me. There was a crowd of other passengers who had descended from the same steam-boat, and were ascending the same street,—some before me, some behind me,—but I became, somehow, particularly conscious of the following of the large, stout man. There was his heavy, measured tread, always at a certain distance in my rear, which I neither left farther astern by quickening my pace, nor put a-head by slackening it, and this it was that, no doubt, soon made me especially sensitive to this ponderous sequitur. If I have a fidgetty aversion to one thing more than another, it is to have something pad, padding at my heels, like the Fakenham ghost. I often stop short to let a cart, or a carriage of any kind, that is going on grinding and jarring beside me, or a person who comes tramp, tramp, with an incessant, unvarying step, close behind me, go its, his, or her way. But this colossal humanity was not thus to be got rid of. To accelerate or lessen my speed only produced the same effect on my follower: there might have been a rod or bar of some kind suspended betwixt us, and regulating our distance. As no graduation of progression availed to remove the incubus, I suddenly stopped and directed

my attention into a shop window ; the huge man as suddenly did the same. I gave a side-glance at him, but he appeared to be profoundly contemplating a pair of bellows of no particular novelty of fashion. I sprang forward as abruptly as I had stopped, hoping that my great shadow was sufficiently attracted by the bellows to adhere, and thereby, like the shadow of Peter Schlemyhl, fall away from me. Nothing of the kind. As if my removal was the inevitable cause of his, he turned gravely and renewed—his chase?—no ; his pursuit?—no, it could not be said to be either, but his mechanical following. But he is fat, I thought ; and thereupon I put, to use a Derbyshire phrase, my best leg foremost, and went up the steepest part of the street at a rate of at least five miles an hour. It was useless. The stupendous man, if he were not the actual grey man of Peter Schlemyhl, had on, it seemed, his seven-league boots. With enormous strides and the equally great accompanying stretches of a stout stick, he cleared the pavement wonderfully, and was still just two yards behind me.

“ This is intolerable ! ” I said to myself, and, wheeling suddenly round, I stood and gazed down over the town, and over the Wye circling round its base, and over the Gloucestershire fields and woods beyond. The man wheeled round too, blew a large hot breath from his puffed cheeks—I had tired him a little then!—took off a capacious broad-brimmed hat, and, wiping a capacious forehead with a brilliant red and yellow silk handkerchief, revealed a gigantic head—what a head he had !—covered with a profusion of brown and curly hair.

“ A very fine view,” he observed, still gazing round on the extensive scene of town and ships, and Wye and distant Severn. “ Very ! ” I said, somewhat short. “ Very, indeed,” he replied with a much more amiable complacency. I went on, and so did the imperturbable, inevitable stranger. Then

thought I, if he will stick to me, here he shall stand some time and cool his heels. I stood still and stared him full in the face. He looked with a broad, frank look,—I could not call it a stare—also at me, and observed, “I take it you are for the Beaufort Arms?” “I am,” I responded. “Then I am for the Beaufort Arms, too.” It was too much: I went on again, and as the great stranger entered the lobby of the house at the same moment, he observed, “I take it that you propose to breakfast here?” “Just so,” I replied. “Then I am for breakfast, too,” he added; “and so we may as well breakfast together.”

The adhesive tendency of the stranger was singular, but he had nothing sinister or unpleasant in his appearance; I was under no apprehension of bailiffs or spies, nor did he look like either; on the contrary, he had an ample, open, good-natured and intelligent aspect. There was nothing to be said against his proposition. I sat down to a table ready spread, and ordered coffee and beefsteak. “The same for me,” said the incomprehensible, and seated himself opposite to me. We breakfasted for some time in silence, then the great presence began to drop sententious remarks: the air in the early morning in the boat was chilly—the sun now was very cheering—this town stood on a very steep hill-side—a good inn this Beaufort Arms—and so on; to all which I assented, for there was no denying the assertions.

We paid our bills, and rose simultaneously. “And now, I take it,” said my chosen companion,—the choice being all on his inscrutable side,—“that you are for Tintern.” “Exactly so,” I said. “Then I am for Tintern, too,” he remarked, “and so let us join at a chaise, or a boat. I don’t mind which.”

“But first,” I said, “I shall visit the castle here.” “By all means,” he replied; “I am at your service for that.”

“And so,” I thought, as we began to descend again to the left towards the castle ruins, “my jolly Great Unknown, you are for Tintern,—six miles, and a good spell up-hill; and you dream of a boat up the Wye, or a chaise up the steep here—ha! ha! we shall see! I now perceive a coming divorce from my zealously attached one. If he *will* do as I do on the way to Tintern, I warrant him he never did such a penance yet; so, whatever the upshot, let us at all events be agreeable. A chaise indeed! A boat!”

I must in my internal amusement have said the last words audibly, for my great rosy friend remarked, “Ay, it will be a boat, I think, for we are descending.” At the next moment we stood before that great extent of ancient towers and walls, enclosed in their grass-grown ditch, and beautifully draped with ivy. I pulled out my guide-book; my great double, or rather quadruple, drew out one exactly the same. “What an extensive place,” I observed, and began to read; my friend—for I think I may call him so, for he showed a remarkable preference for my company—also reading in silence. “The castle was founded in the eleventh century by William Fitzosborn, Earl of Hereford, a relative of William the Conqueror. In the thirteenth century the greater part of the original structure was taken down, and one, larger and of great strength, was erected. It is still a magnificent pile, towering upon the summit of a cliff whose base is washed by the classic Wye. The site occupies three acres of ground, and is divided into four courts.” “That is probable,” I observed,—“I mean, that it arose in the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, for it bears a wonderful resemblance to the old castle and town-walls of Conway, which were built in the eleventh. You observe these great round battlemented towers, with their straight battlemented walls,

stretching from one tower to the other." "I never saw Conway," replied my friend; "that is interesting."

But we need not repeat all our remarks. I will now awhile draw from more extensive sources than the guide-book the chief particulars of the history of this castle. There have not been wanting those who have attributed the original



CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

structure to the Romans, simply because a few Roman bricks are visible in the walls of what is called the chapel. It may have been so; but the Britons at least had a castle here, which they called Castell Gwent, or Casgwent, as the town was called by the Saxons Chepestowe, or place of trade. But the

Normans, who raised what remains now, termed it Striguil, and it appears in Doomday-Book as Castellum de Estrighoiel, and in ancient charters is named Striogul, Striguil, etc. It is divided into four courts, two of which are now used as gardens. As you enter the great eastern portal you behold on your right hand a number of dilapidated offices, besides the lodge of the keeper, and on your left hand the south-eastern ancient tower or citadel, now called Marten's Tower. On your left hand in the third court stand the walls of a fine old gothic building, ninety feet in length, and thirty in breadth, which is called the chapel, but was probably the baronial hall. The style of the arches and niches which remain are more modern than the rest of the castle, and possess much elegance. The fourth court was approached formerly by a drawbridge, long ago destroyed; and the entrance at the western extremity of the castle was also defended by a portcullis, and another drawbridge over the ditch.

The William Fitzosborn who built Striguil or Chepstow castle, fought, it seems, at Hastings, and in reward for his services was made justiciary of England, and received this property, as well as others. But it did not remain in his family beyond the next generation. His eldest son, like nearly all the Normans who came with the Conqueror who had estates at home, returned to them, and left landless adventurers to get estates in England. His second son was a monk; and his third son, Roger, rebelled against the king, and was put in prison. Whilst there the king sent him a suit of royal robes,—that is, a suit of his cast-off clothes,—which so offended him that he threw them into the fire. This, again, so incensed the king that he vowed, “by the brightness of God,” that the proud Roger should never come out of prison; and there Roger died. The king then gave his estate to Gilbert, surnamed Strongbow, brother of

Richard, Earl of Clare. The original name of this Strongbow was Tonnebruge, a name which shows his Danish origin, Dannebrog being the great Danish standard. This Richard Tonnebruge, therefore, was doubtless descended from a stout northman, the standard-bearer of the Dannebrog, when the northmen seized Normandy. In the Norman transmigration the name had been corrupted into Tonnebruge, and in England soon became further corrupted into Strongbow. These Strongbows were fine fellows. Richard, the grandson of the original Richard, conquered Ireland, and married the daughter of Dermot, king of Leinster, and held Dublin, making over, however, his conquests to king Henry II. of England. His daughter Isabella married William, Marshal of England, and founded the illustrious family of the Earls of Pembroke. The husband of Isabel Strongbow, the first Earl of Pembroke, was one of the greatest men that England has produced. Dugdale says of him,—“This illustrious peer was the greatest warrior in a period of warfare, and the most loyal subject in an age of rebellion: by the united influence of wisdom and valour he supported the tottering crown of king John, broke the confederacy of the barons, who had sworn allegiance to Louis, dauphin of France, drove away the foreign usurper, fixed Henry III. on the throne of his ancestors, and gave peace to his distracted country.”

And all this is most true. For though it has suited our historians to go on affirming and re-affirming the tale that the barons won the Magna Charta from king John at Runnymede; and though, like parrots, we go on talking of “the barons of Runnymede,” and of their winning Magna Charta; the truth is that they never did win Magna Charta, and that the charter of king John never was our Magna Charta, but the charter of Henry III. True, the barons *forced* John to sign a

charter at Runnymede, but John well knew that, by all the laws of nations, a thing obtained by force is not a valid thing : therefore, no sooner was the charter signed than he repudiated it : and the barons, knowing quite as well that a *forced* contract thus repudiated was no contract at all, took up arms to compel him again to acknowledge their charter. But, so far from this, John, backed by the brave Earl of Pembroke, resisted, and beat the barons at every point. What then did these same much-lauded barons ? They did a most shameful and unpatriotic deed. They offered the crown of England to Louis, dauphin of France, which, had he obtained it, would have reduced this country for ever to a mere province of France. But John beat both the barons and their king Louis of France : and when John died, there was found in his pocket, says Carte the historian, a letter signed by forty of these barons, offering to resign all question of the charter, if he would restore them again to their titles and estates. Neither living nor dying, however, did John do this, but treated the barons as traitors.

When he was dead, the brave seamen of Dover, putting Hugh de Burgh at their head, and the brave archers of England, putting William de Collingham at their head, determined to settle the matter with the barons, and drive away their French king. At this time Louis and the barons held London and the south of England, and were powerfully supported by the King of Scots in the north, and the Prince of Wales in the west ; but the freemen of England, the sailors and archers, beat them all, and compelled the Dauphin to flee into his ships at the mouth of the Thames. They destroyed all his ships except fifteen, with which he got him away. And then, these freemen of England having saved England from a *French* as well as a Norman invasion, marched up to London, and com-

pelled the king to grant them a new and better charter than that of John. The king, Henry III., was but a boy of ten years old, but this brave Earl of Pembroke was his guardian and regent of the kingdom, and by his advice Henry granted a new charter, containing a new clause, ordering the demolition of every castle built or rebuilt during the wars of the barons. This charter was not now signed in the presence of the king and the barons only, but in that of the king and the united parliament; for the representatives of the burghs are expressly mentioned as sitting in the parliament of 1265. Besides the Great Charter, the people now demanded and obtained the Charter of the Forest—a mighty boon, by which all the forests enclosed since the days of Henry II. were thrown open, and the deadly forest laws were deprived of their bloody and capital power. This is the true story of the Great Charter of England, as related by Matthew Paris, Rhymer, Carte, and other historians, not won by rebellious and traitorous barons, who would have sold us for ever to France, but by the people of England themselves, who should not allow themselves to be lightly defrauded of their glory. This is what Dugdale means by saying that the brave Pembroke “broke the confederacy of the barons, who had sworn allegiance to Louis, dauphin of France, and drove away the foreign usurper.” The great men of Dugdale’s time knew what was our true history, and would not allow it to be falsified: and Blackstone in his “Commentaries,” and in his “Essay on Magna Charta” fully substantiates these great facts, and says that the charter of John never was our charter, but the far better charter of Henry III.;—that we had other and better charters than John’s, both before and after his time, and that his charter, which never became the charter of the realm, would never have been heard of but for his war against the barons.

My stout and inseparable friend was greatly amazed at this revelation that the charter of Runnymede was of no more value than a bill drawn on a party who dishonours it; but I said, "Think of that and talk of that at home, but now call to mind that extraordinary men have been prisoners within these walls. Here the good and learned bishop, Jeremy Taylor, was incarcerated in 1656, on a charge of being privy to an insurrection of the royalists. And here," I said, "in the south-eastern extremity of the first court, you see the tower still called Henry Marten's Tower, where Marten, one of the regicides, was confined. This was one of the most determined republicans of his time. He was the friend of Harrington, Sydney, Wildman, Neville, and other men who had imbibed all the republican ideas of ancient Greece and Rome. He it was who, walking between the Parliament House and Westminster with Mr. Hyde, afterwards the famous Lord Chancellor Clarendon, long before the civil war, startled him by saying, "*I do not think one man wise enough to govern us all!*" He was the right-hand man of Cromwell, till Cromwell himself aimed at sovereign power. He it was who, when the high court of justice appointed to try Charles I. were puzzled on what authority they should try him, rose and said, "In the names of the commons and parliament assembled, and of all the good people of England." And when Charles himself demanded on what authority they presumed to try him, he was answered in those words. He would have been executed with the rest of the regicides, but for his latter opposition to Cromwell. On that account his punishment was commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

Marten was a prisoner in this tower twenty years, but his imprisonment was by no means rigorous. His wife was permitted to reside with him; he had the full enjoyment of his

property, which was large, and was allowed to receive visits, and to pay visits, in company with a guard, to the neighbouring gentry, especially to a Mr. H. Pierre, at whose house a fine portrait of him was preserved.



CHEPSTOW, MARTEN'S TOWER.

Southey in his early and democratic poems drew a most gloomy and exaggerated picture of Marten's imprisonment here :—

*For thirty years secluded from mankind,
Here Marten lingered. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison. Not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist—
He never saw the sun's delightful beams ;
Save when through yon high bars he poured a sad
And broken splendour.*

The Rev. Mr. Coxe visiting this castle in 1800, and having in his mind this doleful description, was, he says, greatly “surprised to find a comfortable suite of rooms. The first story contained an apartment which was occupied in his time by Marten and his wife; and above were the lodgings of his domestics. The chamber in which he usually lived was not less than thirty-six feet in length and twenty-three in breadth, and of proportionate height. It was provided with two fire-places and three windows, two of which appeared to be the original apertures, and the third was probably enlarged for Marten’s convenience !”

A circumstance at which the public was greatly scandalized at the time, was, that when the judges who had tried Charles I. signed the warrant for his execution, Cromwell, taking up the pen to sign, daubed the face of Henry Marten, who sat next him, with the ink; and Marten, when the pen was handed to him, returned the same compliment to Cromwell. Something of this levity continued to show itself in Marten, who lived to the age of eighty-seven. His epitaph, written by himself, may yet be seen in Chepstow church, and is curious, forming an anagram on his name.

HERE,

September 9, in the year of our Lord, 1680,
Was buried a true Englishman
Who in Berkshire was well known
To love his country’s freedom ’bove his own :
But living immured full twenty year
Had time to write, as doth appear,

HIS EPITAPH.

H ere or elfewhere, (all’s one to you, to me,)
E arth, air, or water gripes my ghostless dust,
N o one knows how soon to be by fire set free.
R eader, if you an oft-tried rule will trust,
Y ou’ll gladly do and suffer what you must.

M y life was spent with serving you, and you,
A nd death's my pay (it seems,) and welcome too :
R evenge destroying but itself, while I
T o birds of prey leave my old cage and fly.
E xamples preach to the eye ; care then—mine says—
N ot how you end, but how you spend your days.

Having taken a view over the walls of the castle court, and at the Wye rushing far below at the base of the cliffs on which the castle stands, we set out for Tintern.



Tintern Abbey.



AND now for Tintern!" I said to my stout friend. "Ay, ay! for Tintern!" he replied gaily: "but first, my dear sir, for a boat." "For a boat! why we are a full mile from the bridge. It would be a loss of time to go all the way down for a boat." "Well, then, let it be a chaise." "First," I said, "let us have a peep in at the gates of Piercefield. It is just above here, and we can see it better and with more time than with a chaise waiting for us." So, though with a dubious and misgiving air, my friend moved on with me. The ascent of the Monmouth road was pretty steep, but I endeavoured to beguile his attention by talking of Piercefield. "This Piercefield," I observed, "is one of the paradises of England. Here we are: we will take the liberty of just walking inside the lodge-gate—it is a show-place; they won't object. There! see what a charming spot! What a delightful stretch of woods and lawns, and park-like fields! What views out beyond! If we had time to traverse these celebrated scenes—to view the majestic Wynd Cliff and the Bannagor Rocks opposite, and the bold peninsular of Lancaut, all towering magnificently above the Wye—to visit the Lover's Leap, and traverse the woods that skirt the river deep below, and take in all the varying views of dizzy heights and sylvan dells—you would wonder that any one

ever left this place. Yet it has in not very many years passed through many hands. One of its various possessors was the generous Valentine Morris, governor of St. Vincent, in the West Indies, who first comprehended the beauty of the spot, and opened it up, by walks and drives, to the feet and the eye



VIEW FROM CHAPEL HILL.

of the lover of nature. Poor Morris!—imprudent as benevolent, and treated with the grossest dishonesty by a base government, he was as unfortunate as he was philanthropic; yet you will find his memory retained lovingly in Chepstow.

“And here, too, it is pleasant to think that that good and gifted young woman, Elizabeth Smith, whom the last genera-



tion knew and admired, passed the chief part of her short life. Her father bought this place when she was eight years old, and, as she died about twenty years after, here she must have gathered up all that store of languages which she chiefly taught herself, with the exception of the two first:—French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and Persian. Elizabeth was one of the first to make England acquainted with the wealth of German literature, particularly with ‘Klopstock.’ Little is known of her now; but she deserves to be remembered, were it only for one sentence occurring in her letters:—‘To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue.’”

As I was talking of these things, I had quietly quitted the park of Piercefield, and we were again mounting the steep road. Suddenly my companion exclaimed, “But where are we going? This is not the way for the chaise!” “Nonsense about chaises,” I said; “Don’t you see that we are now far on the way to Tintern? We shall be presently at the Wynd Cliff, one of the finest views you ever saw; we are better without a chaise, or any other bother.” “Ha!”—said the large man, “You are drawing me on! I see it—I see it. But no! it won’t do. Why, to walk all the way to Tintern would kill me!” “All the way to Tintern I suppose is now about four miles,” I replied; “and that can do you no harm, surely.” “No harm! Why, sir, I have never for these twenty years walked four miles at a stretch. With my weight, my good stout horse, or my carriage and pair of greys, are much pleasanter. I never walk further than round my grounds, or to my factory and back.” “So, you are a manufacturer?” and he then informed me that he was a cotton-spinner of Derbyshire. “Of Derbyshire! why then we are countymen. And now look here. By not walking you make yourself heavy, and lose one of the

finest enjoyments of life. Here am I, older than you are, and I have just walked from Falmouth to the Land's End, and from the Land's End to Barnstaple, with many a goodly zigzag besides, here and there, in Cornwall; and as for a chaise, I should be ashamed to put my foot in one for such a mere stride. To be candid, I won't have anything to do with a chaise, and so I suppose here we must part."

"Astounding!" said the great man, for he was evidently given to wonder—"and you've really done that, and are all the better for it. But no; it may do for you, but it would not do for me. I could not think of it!" "Then good-bye," said I, extending my hand: "I thought we were just going to make a pleasant county acquaintance." He stood as taken quite aback. "Well, I had set my mind on going to Tintern with you, I don't know why—but four miles yet!" "Four fiddlesticks!" I said: "Come along, it will do you good, and we might have been half-way there now." He shook his head; but suddenly he said, "And you really think it will do me good?" "I do." "Then here goes," he said; and on we marched, with a good hearty "Bravo!" on my part.

It was a stout climb to the Wynd Cliff, and my worthy and robust cotton-spinner perspired freely, and wiped his ample brow industriously, and exclaimed, "This is very severe; but it *may* do me good." Anon we stood on that splendid height the summit of the Wynd Cliff: and as my neophyte in peripatetics gazed down on the Wye far below, rushing with the inflowing tide between its lofty rocks, and then glanced on the scenes around, he burst forth with an emphatic "Glorious!"

"You are right," I said; "but button up your waistcoat and your coat, for the wind is cool here, and I will read you from the guide-book all the objects you can see from this spot."

“The extensive prospect commanded from this summit is generally extolled as one of the most beautiful in the island. The objects included are,—the new line of road from Chepstow to Tintern; the Wye winding in its circuitous course between its rocky and wooded banks; the pretty hamlet of Lancaut, with the perpendicular cliffs of Bannagor, and the whole domain of Piercefield; a little to the left Berkeley Castle and Thornbury Church. On the right successively the castle and town of Chepstow; the majestic Severn, and the confluences of the rivers Wye and Severn; the Old and New Passages; Durdham Down, and Dundry Tower, near Bristol; the mouth of the Avon and Portishead Point: to the south-west, the Holmes and Penarth Point, near Cardiff: and far away in the north-west the Black Mountains, forming a sublime background to the whole: thus embracing parts of nine counties, namely, Monmouth, Gloucester, Wilts, Somerset, Devon, Glamorgan, Brecon, Hereford, and Worcester. In the words of Mr. Roscoe—‘The grouping of the landscape is perfect: I know of no picture more beautiful.’”

My great friend rested in full enjoyment of this magnificent scene—*rested*, that made no small part of the charm, for he had found a feat. He would have dwelt on each point, and endeavoured by questions to identify every one of them; but I reminded him that he might take cold, and we proceeded on our way. But the great difficulty was now passed—the rest of the road was pretty level, and I endeavoured to keep up his attention by pointing out the beauties of the strangely-circling Wye to our right. I told him of the advantages people drew from walking; of the acquaintance it gave them with the people passing the same way, or as you sat awhile with them in their cottages. “Ay,” said he, eagerly looking round, “that sitting in a cottage must be pleasant;” but there was no

cottage visible. And I went on telling him of the many poems Wordsworth wrote from materials picked up in walking, or on the top of coaches—"I prefer the top of coaches, myself," said he.)—that Wordsworth at Goodrich Castle thus met with the little girl who gave him the idea of "We are Seven;" and also walking along the Wye from Builth to Hay, he fell in with "Peter Bell." The countenance, gait, and figure of Peter, he tells us, were taken from a wild rover with whom he walked from Builth, and who told him strange stories. I then drew from my pocket the small Paris edition of Wordsworth's Poems. "This book," I said, "gave great vexation to Wordsworth; for when he had not made fifty pounds in his whole life by the sale of his English edition, this pirated one had sold one hundred and twenty thousand copies in Paris. It annoyed him, but it will please us." And I began to read his

"LINES WRITTEN ON REVISITING TINTERN."

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! And again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruit,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,

Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, have I owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee !
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense

Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills ; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led : more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by,)
 To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite : a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
 Have followed, for such loss I would believe
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A preface that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods
 And mountains : and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create

And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize,
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
Of all my moral being.

I read the whole, though we must not quote the whole here. "And these," I said, "are the pleasures that men, and women too, for the poet's sister was with him, seize upon by quitting their lazy carriages, and entering on the finest estate which God and nature have given them, a vigorous pair of legs. These are the fine free thoughts ranging through woods and mountains, and by pleasant rivers, when age or sickness or other necessity shall have cut off all travelling, save in the enchanted regions of memory."

"It is very fine, very," said the great manufacturer, "and I am sure it will do me a world of good ; but it is very severe" —and he wiped again his reeking brows, and flung open his ample waistcoat. "But here we are ! See, there are the gables of Tintern, its broken walls and arched windows rising out of its wood of trees !" It was a scene of quiet, truly monastic beauty. The smoke ascended in the clear autumnal air from the hamlet cottages near, and the Wye, now brim full from the height of the tide, gave a perfecting charm to the landscape. We entered the interior of the beautiful ruin in silence. No one ever enters the place without being deeply impressed by its noble proportions, and the classical grace and chastity of its architecture. This abbey church was built in 1131, and presents a fine specimen of the early-English style, blending into a more ornamented character, as later additions were made or changes introduced. The roof is gone, but the walls are entire ; all the pillars, except those which divide the nave from the northern aisle, and the four lofty arches which supporting the tower spring high into the air, though reduced

to narrow rims of stone, still preserve their original form. The western window, with its rich tracery, is extremely beautiful. "From the length of the nave," says Coxe, "the height of the walls, the aspiring form of the pointed arches, and the size of the east window which closes the perspective, the first impressions are those of grandeur and sublimity. But as these emotions subside, and we descend from the contempla-



WEST DOOR AND WINDOW.

tion of the whole to the examination of the parts, we are no less struck with the regularity of the plan, the lightness of the architecture, and the delicacy of the ornaments. We feel that elegance is its characteristic no less than grandeur, and

that the whole is a combination of the beautiful and the sublime."

What Coxe also adds is true, and gives a peculiar beauty to the place. "Instead of dilapidated fragments overspread with weeds and choked with brambles, the floor is covered with a smooth turf, which by keeping the original level of the church, exhibits the beauty of its proportions, and heightens the effect of the grey stone. Ornamented fragments of the roof, remains of cornices and columns, rich pieces of sculpture, sepulchral stones and mutilated figures of monks and heroes, whose ashes repose within these walls, are scattered on the greenward, and contrast present desolation with former splendour."

My weighty friend seated himself on a tomb; but I, observing an iron railing furrounding the top of the walls, looked for the ascent thither, and found that the walls were double, and that stairs ascended between them. I soon, therefore, stood aloft over my friend's head, and eagerly invited him to come up, and see the charming view all around, and the admirable perspective of the church below. "Not for the world!" he exclaimed—"Not for the world! My legs have done wonders to-day, but my head would never stand that." "Good," said I. He had done wonders, and I had done one too; for I had wiled him on to Tintern, six good miles, and up a long, steep hill, and now he *must* walk back. It was more than he had done for the last twenty years.

The history of Tintern contains nothing very remarkable. It was founded by the Strongbows, and became rich and hospitable. Edward II. sought refuge there for some time from the pursuit of his queen Isabella. At the dissolution it contained only thirteen monks, and was valued with its

estates, according to Dugdale, at £132, but according to Speed at £256, per annum. It was granted by Henry VIII. to the second Earl of Worcester, and is now the property of the Duke of Beaufort.

When we set out to return, my companion, instead of exhibiting fatigue, sprang up from his sepulchral seat, as he remarked, "like a giant refreshed." He seemed inspired by a vivid sense of the feat that he had accomplished. "What would they say at Chapel-en-Frith if they could see me to-day! When I tell them that I walked to Tintern and back, eh? But I tell you what, my friend, I have been thinking of what you have said as I sat on the tombstone there, and I think you are right. One grows sluggish and stupid by riding and lolling in carriages. I will walk! I feel lighter already: and I will be lighter still. Why should not I be as agile as you? You walked up Cornwall. I am going to Devonshire, and I'll tramp it there as I'm alive!" And inspired by his new idea, the colossal man really became a Colossus of roads, for he strode along with a vigour, and with strides that required all my recent training on the moors and rocks of Cornwall to compete with him. He had found a new pleasure, a new power, and I had to warn him not to abuse it. "Ah!" said he, "now I am putting you to your paces," and he stalked on with a prodigious activity that astonished me. Luckily it was downhill from the Wynd Cliff to the bridge at the bottom of Chepstow, where the steamer lay, or I might have found myself worsted in the rapid walk with my elated companion. But it was all very well, for the bell was already ringing on the steamer, and we had only time to rush on board ere the plank was pulled back, and we were afloat. My stout friend sat down with a laugh, but I rather think, never-

theless, that he was glad the feat was ended, for he sat very persistently during the voyage. How little, when he had singled me out for his companion to Tintern, *did* he know what a day might bring forth !



Raglan Castle.

NOT farre from thence, a famous castle fine,
That Ragglan hight, stands moated almost round ;
Made of freestone, upright and straight as line,
Whose workmanship in beauty doth abound,
The curious knots, wrought alle with edged toole,
The stately tower, that looks o'er pond and poole,
The fountain trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yield in shewe, a rare and noble sight.—

CHURCHYARD'S *Worthines of Wales*.



AGLAN CASTLE, as in its greater part it is one of the most recent castles in Monmouthshire, so it must have been one of the most splendid as well as extensive. The ruins, including the citadel, occupy a tract of ground one-third of a mile in circumference. As Churchyard states, who describes the stately fabric as it stood in all its glory in the reign of Elizabeth ; it is built of a fine light-coloured freestone which was smoothly dressed, and is beautifully grained. The stone has received little injury from time ; most of the elaborately carved masonry remains as sharp and distinct as when first executed ; and from the parts which, except the roofs, remain entire, you receive a lively idea of its elegance and splendour before it was dismantled by command of the parliament after surrendering to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and before its materials were plundered by the tenants to build houses for themselves. The foundations and remaining walls show it to have

occupied an irregular square, enclosing two courts; the main residence, including the great hall and chapel, and other splendid apartments, running between these courts entirely from north to south. This interior portion of the castle appears to have been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for it has all the characteristics of the architecture of her time, partaking more of the hall than the castle; its windows being chiefly square and mullioned, and each successive story divided by a running band. In the hall, or banqueting room, which is sixty feet long, and twenty-seven broad, you are struck with the gigantic size of the fire-place, and the singular structure of the



RAGLAN CASTLE.

chimney. At the upper end are the arms of the first marquis of Worcester, sculptured in stone, and surrounded with the garter, underneath which is the family motto:—"Mutare vel timere sperno."—"I scorn to change or fear." The towers of the external buildings are generally square, and not battlemented, but machicolated, so that their heads expand, and give them an air of firmness and grandeur. In the walls you can trace the changes of different periods, but the earliest style is not anterior to the reign of Henry V., and the latest comes down to that of Charles I. The main part of the castle probably was built by Sir William ap Thomas in the reigns of Henry V. and VI., and his son William Herbert, created by Edward IV. Earl of Pembroke, and Lord of Raglan, Chepstow, and Gower, in 1469. From Dugdale's account it is scarcely possible to conceive in the present time the magnificence of the castle, and the greatness of the establishment maintained in it by this Earl of Pembroke. Yet the vast extent of the ruins, the evident grandeur and number of the apartments, the size of the offices and the cellars, give proofs of baronial magnificence and splendid hospitality. In a curious account of the castle drawn up shortly before the parliamentary siege, and partly printed in Heath's account of Raglan Castle, the establishment of its then proprietor, the first marquis of Worcester, the numerous officers of his household, retainers, attendants, and servants, appear like the retinue of a sovereign rather than a subject. He supported for a considerable time a garrison of eight hundred men; and, on the surrender of the castle, besides his own family and friends, the officers alone were no less than four colonels, eighty-two captains, sixteen lieutenants, six cornets, four ensigns, four quarter-masters, and fifty-two esquires and gentlemen. The demesnes of the castle were of proportionate greatness: there were extensive gardens

and pleasure-grounds, extensive parks well stocked with deer, and numerous goodly farms. The two courts of the castle were surrounded by offices of all kinds, and the eastern court contained extensive barracks. This court was called the Fountain Court, from a marble fountain in the centre surmounted with the statue of a white horse; but of fountain or horse no traces now remain. On the south side of the castle stood the citadel, a large hexagonal fortress defended by bastions, and surrounded by a moat, over which passed a drawbridge from the castle. It was called *Melyn y Gwent*, or the yellow tower of Gwent, and when entire must have been a magnificent object, for it was five stories high. From this tower a vast prospect was enjoyed of the surrounding country, bounded by the distant mountains in the neighbourhood of Abergavenny. The citadel was surrounded by raised walks, in which Charles I., when staying here during his wars, took great delight. Great care has been taken since the restoration of the monarchy, by its owners, now the ducal family of Beaufort, to preserve the ruins; and the whole may yet be seen from some of the towers. The grand entrance is, perhaps, the most magnificent portion of these noble ruins. It is formed by a gothic portal, flanked by two massive towers, now beautifully hung with ivy. In the porch are still visible the grooves for two portcullises; and the spectator on entering is greatly impressed by the scene. A guide lives in one of the towers, and the Duke of Beaufort has promoted the accommodation of visitors by keeping the paths and stairs in good order, and by placing seats for necessary rest.

The great point in the history of Raglan Castle is the defence it made against the parliament in favour of Charles I. By its strength and the spirit of its possessor, Henry Somerset, fifth earl and first marquis of Worcester, the power of Charles was so long maintained in South Wales. It was nearly the



RAGLAN CASTLE, GRAND STAIRCASE.

last fortrefs in the kingdom that furrendered to the republican army. The traces of the outworks caft up in front of the caftle and citadel, are yet vifible in the remains of baftions, hornworks, trenches, and ramparts. The marquis who made this ftout defence,—after the army which he kept up of fifteen hundred foot and five hundred horfe under the command of his fon, afterwards Earl of Glamorgan, was difperfed by the parliamentary generals,—was a great wit, and his fmart fayings are preferved in a work called “Witty Apothems of King James, Charles I., and the Marquis of Worcefter.” Charles I. made feveral vifits here during his campaign againft his fubjects ; but when he was compelled at length to retreat

from Monmouthshire, the castle was invested by Trevor Williams and Colonel Morgan, and finally compelled to surrender by Fairfax himself. The marquis, and his son Glamorgan, are said to have lent to Charles I. at different times £300,000; and besides this they lost all their estates, valued at £20,000 a-year, which were confiscated; but restored on the return of Charles II.

The Strongbows seem to have been amongst the earliest possessors of Raglan. Richard Strongbow, the last male of the great family of Clare, according to Dugdale, conferred this property on Walter Bloet, or Blewitt, from whom by marriage it went into the Berkeley family, and so continued till it came into the possession of Sir John Morley, and, by Maud his daughter and sole heiress, into the family of the Ap Jenkins, *alias* Herberts, in 1438. Edward IV. commanded William, whom he created Lord of Raglan, Chepstow and Gower, to continue the family name as Herbert, and not to change the surname at every descent in the Welsh fashion. To the custody of this Lord Herbert he entrusted Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., and he kept him in this his castle of Raglan till Jasper, then Earl of Pembroke, the uncle of this Lord Herbert, in his absence enabled Henry to escape, and fled with him to Britany. Edward IV. then attainted Jasper, and conferred the earldom on Lord Herbert. This is the same Earl of Pembroke that Wordsworth mentions in the "White Doe of Rylston," as having his head struck off in the porch of Banbury church, by one of the Cliffords. This Earl of Pembroke, being a staunch Yorkist, was defeated and taken prisoner at the battle of Dane's Moor, where he headed a band of his Welshmen. His sole heiress married Sir Charles Somerset, a natural son of Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, but in high favour with Henry VII., and from him his estate and titles have descended to the present Duke of Beaufort.

The family produced some remarkable men. This Sir Charles Somerfet, who, though illegitimate, descended from John of Gaunt, was a man of great personal attractions, and equal prudence and ability. Prudence and ability were precisely the qualities to recommend him to Henry VII., by whom he was employed in various foreign embassies. He was equally in favour with Henry VIII., and had a high command in the wars against France. He negotiated the peace with France in 1518, and the peace betwixt Francis I. and Charles V. in 1521. He represented Henry VIII. at the coronation of the king's sister Mary, the queen of Louis XII. of France; and betrothed Henry's infant daughter Mary to the Dauphin. We have already mentioned Henry the fifth earl and first marquis of Worcester—his determined partizanship of Charles I.—his defence of Raglan, and his "Apothems;" one of which was uttered when Charles showed, as he thought, too much lenity to his enemies:—"Well, sir, you may chance to gain you the kingdom of heaven by such doings as these, but if ever you get the kingdom of England by such wayes I will be your bondman." The old man was a stout Catholic; his estates were confiscated, and, contrary to the conditions of his surrender, he was committed to the custody of the Black Rod. When told, however, that he would be allowed burial in his family vault at Windfor, he exclaimed:—"Why, God blefs us all, then I shall have a better castle when I am dead, than they took from me when I was alive!" He died at the age of eighty-five.

The son of this Henry was Edward, the sixth earl and second marquis of Worcester, who was created by Charles I. Earl of Glamorgan. Like his father, he was a firm Catholic. This was the Glamorgan who was engaged by Charles I. to bring over ten thousand Irish to enable him to crush the liberties of England. The scheme failed; he was arrested, by the Marquis

of Ormond and Lord Digby ; and Charles hastened to disavow the conduct of Glamorgan, though nothing is better ascertained than that he acted wholly in concert with the king. The transaction gave immense disgust in England, and did the greatest mischief to Charles ; even his staunch adherent, Clarendon, denouncing it in strong terms. Glamorgan followed the fortunes of Charles II., and being sent to England on his concerns in 1652, he was discovered and imprisoned. To obtain his liberation he offered to make important discoveries to Cromwell : and these after some hesitation were accepted. His son, who had hitherto lived in France, was permitted to return, enjoyed the confidence of Cromwell, and a pension of £2,000 per annum.

This was the famous Marquis of Worcester who wrote and published, in 1663, "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as I can at present call to mind to have tried and perfected." Horace Walpole sneers at this book, little dreaming what was to come out of it, and dubbed it "A list of a hundred projects, most of them impossibilities." One which the clever biographer of "Noble Authors" would doubtless have considered the most impossible of all was the steam-engine, and in its train all our present great steam and railway systems. But in this work of the marquis was the following description of a fire-engine, in the sixty-eighth article of the "Century of Scantlings :"—"An admirable and forcible way to drive up water by fire, not by drawing or sucking it up, for that must be, as the philosopher calleth it, *intra sphaeram activitatis*, which is lost at such a distance. But this way hath no boundary if the vessels be strong enough," etc. He then goes on to describe how he has forced water up a strong cylinder forty feet high, and how he could keep up the action by admitting cold water by a couple of cocks, so that as the water

in one was being consumed, it could be supplied first by one cock, and then by the other, etc.

This certainly was not the first time the idea of exercising force by steam had occurred; for Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall," relates how the architect of St. Sophia in Constantinople avenged himself of the annoyances of his next neighbour, a lawyer, by running pipes up his house-side, and introducing them under his roof, and continually shaking the house over his head by explosions of steam. Neither does it appear that the idea was an original suggestion of the marquis's own mind or experiments, but that in Paris he had seen the unfortunate Solomon de Caus, who was confined in the Bicêtre as a lunatic, for asserting the wonders that might be done with steam. We are afraid that the marquis, being of an experimental turn, listened to the poor man's supposed lunacy, and on his return to England made a number of experiments at his house at Lambeth, and boasted much of the wondrous power of his fire-engine. But if the marquis did not do proper honour to De Caus, he was destined to receive the same treatment. According to the "Experimental Philosophy" of Defaguliers, a Captain Savary bought up all the books of the marquis that he could lay his hands on, burnt them, and started the idea as his own. In consequence of the number of the marquis's "Century of Scantlings" destroyed by Savary, the book is very rare, but the contents of it may be found in the eighteenth volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine." Thus from Raglan issued, if not the origination of the marvellous agency of steam, the great revolutionizer of the world, at least the revival of it.



Conway and its Castle.



THE ancient walled town of Conway, with its picturesque castle, stands as the portal to the mountain scenery of North Wales. Its situation is beautiful, on high ground, commanding the estuary of the Conway, whence its Welsh name of Aber-Conway; and its form triangular, or rather that of a Welsh harp. It was strongly fortified with walls and battlemented towers, according to the style introduced by the Crusaders; and indeed Conway, with its walls, as seen at the present day from some of its neighbouring heights, is said greatly to resemble Jerusalem. The castle, one of the most picturesque ruins in England, was erected by Edward I. to keep the insubordinate Welsh in subjection, and was completed under his own inspection in 1284. It was at the abbey of Conway that the head of the unfortunate but brave Prince Llewellyn was presented to the English conqueror. It is seldom that the name of the architect of any of our fine old buildings remains connected with them to posterity; however, in the case of Conway, we find it to be Henry de Elreton, the builder likewise of the castle of Carnarvon.

In its perfect state Conway Castle was a magnificent structure, oblong in form, and standing on a precipitous rock at one corner of the triangular town-walls. On one side it was

bounded by the river, on another by a creek filled with each returning tide, and the other two faced the town. It was moated on the land side and reached by a drawbridge, whilst a small fortified entrance communicated with the river by a narrow flight of steps. The walls, which were of great thickness, were flanked by eight circular embattled towers, each surmounted by a slender watch-tower, which add great beauty of detail even to the outline of the ruins. On each side of the grand entrance was a tower, the King's and the Queen's Towers, as they were called, and in each a beautiful oriel window. Two large courts occupied the interior. The great hall was one hundred and thirty feet long, by thirty-two wide, and was thirty feet high, lighted by nine fine lancet-formed windows, six facing the country, and three looking into the court. The roof was supported by eight massive arches, four of which still remain, now garlanded with ivy. This splendid apartment was warmed by three fire-places, and the eastern end was partitioned off as a chapel, lighted by a large window. Beneath this hall were the vaults for ammunition and stores.

Conway was a military station and free borough, its inhabitants being English, and enjoying "many privileges;" one of which was that "the Jews dwell not at any time in the said borough." In 1290, the Welsh having risen in rebellion, hanged the royal collector of taxes, and routed the English troops, whereupon the king marched into North Wales, and, crossing the estuary with his guards, took up his quarters in the castle, but not without great loss of baggage and store wagons, which were intercepted by the mountaineers, who came down in great numbers and invested the castle. The rising of the river at the same time prevented the troops from crossing, so that the king was reduced to great straits, and, like his garrison,

was obliged to content himself with salt meat and coarse bread, and to drink water sweetened with honey. At length the waters subsiding, the troops crossed, and the Welsh dispersed to their mountains. The Christmas of that same year was spent by Edward and his queen with great festivity at the new castle of Conway.

Eleven years afterwards, Edward of Carnarvon, the first Prince of Wales, held a court at Conway, when Einion, Bishop of Bangor, and David, Abbot of Maenon, near Llanrwst, did homage; and, on ascending the throne, this Edward still further increased the privileges of the burghesses.

In 1399, Conway was the scene of one of the last acts in the tragedy of the unfortunate Richard II. An account of this event has been preserved in a narrative, in rude verse, preserved in the library of the British Museum, entitled "An Account of the Treachery of the Earl of Northumberland, and the taking of his Majesty Richard II., his progress from Conway to Rhuddlan, Flint, and Chester. By an Eye-witness." This curious and interesting old document, which formerly belonged to Charles of Anjou, Earl of Maine and Mortaine, was translated into English prose, in 1824, by the Rev. John Webb, and published in the twentieth volume of the *Archæologia*. Charles Knight has also included portions of it in his "Half-Hours with the Best Authors," from which work we give the following extracts.

The author, however, it must be first premised, was a French knight, who came over to London in the spring of 1399, accompanied the unfortunate Richard in his expedition to Ireland, and remained in personal attendance upon him until he was brought prisoner to London. "I loved him sincerely," he says, "because he heartily loved the French. He gave most largely, and his gifts were profitable. Bold he

was, and courageous as a lion. Right well and beautifully did he make ballads, songs, roundels and lays. Though he was but a layman, so gracious were all his deeds, that never I think shall that man issue from his country in whom God hath implanted so much worth as was in him."

After relating, therefore, in what manner the king, then at Dublin, received the sad news of the English revolt, at which he turned pale, he describes his hurried journey, in sorrow and distress, to Milford Haven. "But before he landed," says he, "a great army which had gathered in Wales for his service was either disbanded or won over to Bolingbroke. In this great fear he disguised himself like a poor Franciscan friar, and set out at midnight from his host, attended by only a few persons, of whom this French knight was one. He travelled hard all night, and reached Conway by break of day. There he learned that his enemies reported him to be dead, and that well nigh all was already lost."

In Shakspeare's *Richard II.* we also find the following passage with reference to the report of his death:—

Captain.—My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves; farewell.

Salisbury.—Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

Captain.—"Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay trees in our country all are withered,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured, Richard their king is dead.

The unhappy king, on learning this report of himself, "uttered," says his chronicler, "many pious ejaculations ; but he knew not what course to take. At length he resolved to send the Duke of Exeter and the Earl of Surrey to tell Henry of Bolingbroke that he was doing much amiss, but that he, the rightful king of England, would pardon him, and reinstate him in all his honours and lands, if he would but desist. Henry, who was at Chester, made Exeter and Surrey his prisoners. Upon receiving this intelligence, the king, who had continued all-forrowful at Conway, with his intimate friends, all sad and distressed, went straight to Beaumaris. There was a strong castle there that could not have been taken in ten years, if it had only been victualled and furnished with a sufficient and faithful garrison. But there were provisions in none of the king's castles in these parts ; and there was fidelity and affection to him in no place whatsoever. Not being able to stay at Beaumaris, he went to Carnarvon Castle, which he found totally unfurnished. In all his castles to which he retired, there was no furniture, nor had he anything to lie upon but straw. Really he lay in this manner for four or six nights, as, in truth, not a farthing's worth of victuals or of anything else was to be found in them. Certes, I dare not tell the great misery of the king."

Richard returned to Conway, he greatly bewailing his young wife, who was by this time in the hands of Bolingbroke's party. He also bewailed that he himself was in danger, both by night and day, of a cruel and certain death. While he was lying at Conway doing nothing but lamenting his hard fate, the Earl of Northumberland waited upon him from Duke Henry, who prevailed upon him to put himself in his hands, and trust to the decision of the English Parliament ; the Earl, it is said, swearing upon the sacrament that no harm should befall him. Richard quitted Conway, and soon found himself a prisoner, for

the Earl of Northumberland had placed a numerous body of troops in ambuscade at one of the mountain-passes through which their journey lay. "When the king beheld them he was greatly astonished, saying, 'I am betrayed! What can this be, Lord of heaven help me!' Who they were was revealed by their banners. Bitter dread prevailed; and the king demeaned himself so very sorrowfully that it was pity to behold."

The journey of the unfortunate Richard to Flint was a very melancholy one, and of his sufferings when there, his chronicler says, "no creature in this mortal world, let him be who he would, Jew or Saracen, could have beheld the king and his good friends, the Earl of Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Stephen Scroope, and another knight named Ferriby, without being heartily sorry for them." Nor must we omit one remarkable feature of this melancholy journey which would certainly make it much more hopeless.

"The Earl of Salisbury told me," says the good French knight, "as we rode to Chester, that Merlin and Bede had from the time in which they lived, prophesied of the taking and ruin of the king; adding that if I were in his castle, he should show it me in form and manner as I had seen it come to pass, saying thus—

"'There shall be a king in Albion, who shall reign for the space of two and twenty years in great honour and in great power, and shall be allied and united with those of Gaul; which king shall be undone in the parts of the north, in a triangular place.' Thus, the Earl told me, it was written in a book belonging to him. The triangular place he applied to the town of Conway, and for this he had a very good reason, for I can assure you it is in a triangle, as though it had been so laid down by a true and exact measurement. In the said town



of Conway was the king sufficiently undone ; for the Earl of Northumberland drew him forth, as you have already heard, by the treaty which he made with him, and from that time he had no power. Thus the knight held this prophecy to be true, and attached thereto great faith and credit ; for such is the nature of them in their country, that they very thoroughly believe in prophecies, phantoms, and witchcraft, and have recourse to them right willingly. Yet," adds he, "in my opinion this is not right, but is a great want of faith."

Still more melancholy was the unhappy king's journey from Flint to Chester.

"Thus as you heard came Duke Henry to the castle, and spake unto the king, to the Bishop of Carlisle, and the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroope, and Ferriby ; howbeit unto the Earl of Salisbury he spake not at all, but sent word to him by a knight in this manner : 'Earl of Salisbury, be assured, that no more than you deigned to speak to my lord, the Duke of Lancaster, when he and you were in Paris at Christmas last passed, will he speak unto you.' Then was the Earl much abashed, and had great fear and dread at heart, for he saw plainly that the Duke mortally hated him. The said Duke Henry called aloud with a stern and savage voice, 'Bring out the king's horses ;' and then they brought him out two little horses that were not worth forty francs ; the king mounted one, and the Earl of Salisbury the other. Every one got on horseback, and we set out from the said castle of Flint about two hours after mid-day. In form and manner as you have heard, did Duke Henry take king Richard, his lord, and brought him with great joy and satisfaction to Chester, which he had quitted in the morning. And know, that scarcely could the thunder of heaven have been heard for the loud bruit and sound of their instruments, horns, buisines, and trumpets, info-

much that they made all the sea-shore resound with them. Thus the Duke entered the city of Chester, to whom the common people paid great reverence, praising our lord, and shouting after their king, as if in mockery."

At the time of the Welsh insurrection headed by the famous Owen Glyndwr, John de Maffey was constable of Conway Castle, which it must be supposed was considered pretty strong in itself, as fifteen men-at-arms and six archers only formed its garrison, 39*s.* 2*d.* per day being allowed for the maintenance of the fortrefs. During the civil wars of York and Lancaster, Conway was the scene of much warfare and bloodshed, the powerful families of the Welsh in the neighbourhood taking opposite sides, and suffering accordingly. Hence Rhys, the son of Griffydd Goch, when surveying the castle from the opposite side of the river, was shot with an arrow discharged from the castle-wall by Llewellyn of Nannau, in return for which a few nights afterwards, Robin ap Griffydd Goch o'r Graianllyn, and his brother, with their followers, crossed the river, took the castle by escalade, and beheaded the captain. The whole country round was overrun by the adherents of these two factions, and utterly laid waste by the Earl of Pembroke. In 1466, Thomas ap Robin of Cochwillan was beheaded near the castle, by the Earl's orders, on account of his staunch adherence to the Lancastrian party; and his wife, it is said, carried away his head in her apron.

During the wars of the Commonwealth, Conway Castle was held as a military station of some importance, and was for some time under the command of Archbishop Williams, who was a native of the town. According to his epitaph in Llandegai Church, near Penrhyn Castle,—he being descended on his father's side from the Williams of Cochwillan, and on his mother's from the Griffiths of Penrhyn—"his great parts and

eminence in all kinds of learning raised him by the favour of King James, first to the Deanery of Sarum, and then to that of Westminster." "At one and the same time," says the epitaph, "he was the most intimate favourite of and privy counsellor to that great king, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and Bishop of the see of Lincoln, whom Charles I. honoured with the archiepiscopal mitre of York. He was thoroughly versed in all sciences—a treasury of nine languages—the very soul of pure and undefiled theology—an oracle of political tact—the very acme and ornament of wisdom. . . . His conversation was sweetly engaging—his memory more tenacious than human. . . . He expended in magnificent edifices the sum of £20,000. . . . In those lamentable times which followed, being worn out with the things which he saw and heard, when by fury of the rebels he could no longer serve his king nor his country, having lived sixty-eight years, on the 25th of March, which was his birthday, with strong faith in Christ and steadfast allegiance to the king, he most devotedly resigned his soul to God, dying of a quinsy . . . A.D. 1650."

The town of Conway was taken by Cromwell's army in August, 1646, their victory being signalised by the murder of the Irish inhabitants, who were barbarously tied back to back and thrown into the river. The warlike archbishop, however, met with better treatment when, on the surrender of the castle in the following November, he received a pardon from the parliament, and, having been wounded at Chester, retired from military life.

At the restoration, the castle was granted by King Charles II. to the Earl of Conway, who as if to render it henceforth incapable of service either to royalist or republican, ordered it to be dismantled, and the timber, iron, and lead, of which it was deprived, were shipped to Ireland for the repair of the

Earl's houses in that country. The leading men of the neighbourhood, and deputy lieutenants of the county, naturally interfered to put a stop to this shameful spoliation, but in vain ; the following plain-spoken letter being his reply :—

“HONOURABLE FRIENDS,—

“I have had the honour to receive your letter of the 20th September, in which you are pleased to inquire of me whether my servant Milward doth act by my order for taking down of the lead, timber, and iron of Conway Castle : in answer to which question I do by this acknowledge it to be my act and deed ; and that the said Milward is employed by me to dispose of the timber and iron, according to such directions as I gave him, and to transport the lead into Ireland, where I hope it will be more serviceable to his ma'tie than in this country. And having this opportunity of addressing myselfe to you, I humbly beseech you to take off the restraint which you have put upon his proceedings, and to afford him yor favour in it ; for I am already prejudiced by the losse of shipping and an opportune season for the transportation of the lead ; yet I shall esteeme this as a particular obligation vpon mee, and be ready to expresse it by all the service in my power to every one of you, that you are pleased to grant this att my request ; which otherwise may put me to some trouble and delay. And I doubt not of meeting occasions to testifie my being,

“Honoble Sirs,

“Your affectionate and obedient Serv^t.

“CONWAY AND KILULTA.

“*Ragley in Warwickshire, 6th October, 1665.*

“To the Honoble Thomas Bulkley, Esq., Colonell Wynn, Hugh Wynn, Esq., Thomas Vaughan, Esq., his Ma'ties Deputy-Livetenants in North Wales.”

Thus was the spoliation of this beautiful edifice signed and sealed ; but no advantage accrued either to the earl or to his master by this act of Vandalism, for the ships which conveyed away the materials to Ireland were wrecked on their passage—and Conway Castle from that day was left to be beautified by nature.

This romantic castle has been made the scene of various literary productions—of Monk Lewis's *Castle Spectre*, for instance, and Gray's *Ode of the Bard*, "founded," as he says, "on the tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death." This bard, however, whose effusion is too Pindaric for the outpouring of a Welsh bard, took his fate into his own hands. The army of Edward, according to the poet, as they marched through a deep valley, beheld a venerable figure seated on an inaccessible rock, who with a voice more than human reproached the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; after which, in a spirit of prophecy—the true bardic endowment—he foretold the misfortunes of the Norman race, and the future greatness and virtue of this island ; after which

Headlong from the mountain height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

It is a fine scholastic ode, nobly conceived ; but the age in which Gray wrote, rather than the poet himself, knew nothing of the true bardic mode, even if there had been the inspiration.

So much for the castle and old times : let us now take a walk into the town and see a little of the life that is going on there. It is a bright morning in August. We have been making purchases at various shops, and, having placed our several packages under the care of good Mrs. Griffiths Owen

—a stout, merry-faced old Welsh shopkeeper, who deals in bacon and butter, and speaks English—we go forth on our visit to Plas Mawr, and the other remarkable buildings of the town, the church included. Scarcely, however, have we left Mrs. Owen's, than we hear the sound of a bell rung in the streets; a bell as of a town-crier; and the next moment see the man himself proceeding along, ringing his bell loudly at intervals, but without uttering a word.

“What is the meaning of this bell being thus rung?” we inquire from a pleasant-looking young man at a shop-door.

From him we learn that it is the announcement of a funeral,



CONWAY CASTLE.

which will take place in about three hours, and that this mode of invitation to the townspeople to attend funerals is peculiar to Conway.

As this invitation might be considered general, we determine to rank ourselves amongst the invited, and hold ourselves in readiness at three o'clock for the funeral ; being told, moreover, that we shall know when to be at the church by the tolling of the church-bell.

About three o'clock accordingly,—having visited in the meantime the fine old house, Plas Mawr, the ancient mansion of the Wynns, where Queen Elizabeth is said to have stayed, and where the initials of herself and her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, are frequently coupled in the carving, and seen with great satisfaction that two of its spacious rooms are now used as an infant school,—the church-bell began to toll, and we having added to our purchases, set off for the church, taking our old friend's Mrs. Griffiths Owen's on the way, to leave in her charge yet other packages. But Mrs. Owen is not in—not a soul is in. We knock on the counter again and again, and are just about to retreat discomfited, when a sharp-looking little lad appears from the back-settlements, who, though he cannot speak English, instantly understands our wants, and deposits our new parcels with the others under the counter. But scarcely is this done when a voice above gabbles downstairs something in Welsh to the boy below, and back the boy gabbles his answer. Venturing on this colloquy to glance up the staircase, whence the upper voice proceeds, we beheld our buxom Mrs. Owen, without her gown, a towel being about her stout bare arms, and her face rosier than ever, from freshly-applied soap and water. She informs us that she too is getting ready for the funeral ; and we, being rather inquisitive regarding the dead at whose obse-

quies we are intending to be present, she invites us to join her upstairs, and we follow her into her large old-fashioned bedroom. Here, spread out upon the large bed, lie her decent mourning bonnet, shawl, and gown, and whilst she is assuming the latter, we ask if the deceased be a relative of hers.

"No, indeed," replies she; "but it is right for neighbours to go to each other's funerals."

"And who, then, is going to be buried?"

Mrs. Owen's bright countenance becomes very solemn, and she replies:—

"A bachelor of forty; an orphan, without father or mother, and nobody left behind but a sister, poor thing! So it is quite right to go to the funeral! And there will be many there," added she in an emphatic tone.

This is a convincing argument; and therefore, leaving Mrs. Owen to complete her toilet, we wend our way to the quiet old church, which stands in the middle of the churchyard, and in the very centre of the town; gates from the various streets opening into the churchyard; this churchyard being, of course, interesting to us from Wordsworth's poem of "We are Seven."

Reaching the church, we find the large door unlocked, and enter. We are the first of the funeral attendants; but two grey-coated tourists, evidently father and son, are inspecting the church; whilst a respectable woman, in black, who is arranging and dusting the pews, answers any questions which may be put to her: We too wander round, admire the fine carving on the ancient oak screen as we pass into the chancel, and read the inscription on the flat grey stone placed over the remains of "Nicholas Hookes, gentleman, who was the forty-first child of his parents," which the younger tourist carefully copies into his note-book; and, leaving him to add that "the said Nicholas himself died the father of twenty-seven children, on

the 20th of March, 1637," we saunter down the aisles reading the Welsh names and titles of various noble families on the small brass plates affixed to the pew-doors, and admire the ancient carving which had been brought thither from Plas Mawr ; then out at the other door to see if yet there be signs of the approaching funeral. There are none, excepting the newly-made grave close by, which has just been dug by that young man with the sunburnt face, who stands leaning on his spade to contemplate his work. He has scattered sawdust in the grave and piled beside it a heap of newly-cut rushes. An elderly man, clad in Sunday attire, now approaches, and shakes hand with the young gravedigger, who at this token of sympathy bursts into tears. What the departed was to him we know not, but with a feeling of respect for his grief we retire again into the church.

The grey-coated tourists are gone, and the decent woman in black stands with her duster still in her hand, waiting. We remark to each other that were this fine old church near London, it would be carefully restored. At the name of London, the woman looks suddenly round, and exclaims :—

"Ah! our clock came from London; it is a bad one; more's the pity; the wind blows its fingers off! It was a present, and from a gentleman who did not mean it to be a bad one."

We deplore the lamentable case of the clock, and then inquire if she ever heard of the poem, "We are Seven?"

"To be sure I have!" she answers. "A gentleman came once and asked me about it; but then I had never heard of it. He said, therefore, he would send it me from London; and so he did, all beautifully written out. I keep it at home; but I have shown it to a great many people; it is a very pretty rhyme. But for all that I've hunted the churchyard all over,

and looked at every grave, but never can I find those of John and little Jane. I cannot make it out; certainly there must have been some alteration since those days, for there is no cottage now by the churchyard. May-be it was pulled down years ago when a wall was built on one side. I've often wondered how it was. But you would like to see the verses, wouldn't you? They are so beautifully written out! I can run for them in a minute," added she eagerly. Without waiting for a reply, however, she suddenly started, and held up her hand listening to the church-bell, which was still solemnly tolling.

"Hark!" she said in an awestricken tone, whilst a look of dismay overspread her countenance. "Only hark how heavily the bell rings! My mother used to say when it sounded so dull that it was a sure sign of another death. I have thought of it since, and believe it to be true, though Conway is a healthy place. There is a deal of difference," she continued, "in the sounding of the bell. My parents had the church before me; so I know all about these things. I had the place after my mother."

Willing to turn her thoughts from anticipated deaths, we now inquire after the dead man, whose funeral bell is such a melancholy prognostic.

"He was Morris Evans, one of the fingers here. I knew him well," she replied. "When he was strong and came to church, his place was near the organ, amongst the fingers. Come, I will show it you. There," she said, "this was his seat, close by the wall, you see, under the carved stone with the little figures upon it. He was ill a long time, and died of a decline, like his father and mother. There is nobody left now but his sister and an old uncle."

At this point some one entered to say that the clerk was gone for the clergyman, and the funeral was moving off. We there-

fore took the seats which the melancholy woman assigned to us, whilst she stood aside near the open door and wiped away her tears with the duster.

The funeral is evidently on its way; a number of women and children quietly appear upon the scene, silently filling the pews lower down the middle aisle. They are all neatly dressed in black, many with apparently new crape on their bonnets. Here and there the bonnets or the shawls are not black, but in such cases the wearer has placed conspicuously some feature of mourning about her attire. There is a great preponderance of black silks, with strongly-marked folds, telling of chests and presses out of which many have been brought from amongst other best things. Men, too, are now in church in considerable numbers, in dark blue cloth coats and carefully-brushed hats, but they mostly occupy seats in the chancel and round the pulpit, having followed the bier, which half a dozen men have carried up the centre aisle, headed by the elderly clergyman in his white surplice, who as they slowly advanced, repeated by heart a psalm in Welsh. The bearers having reverently placed the bier in the chancel, the clergyman reads from the desk part of the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. To our uninitiated ears the words of the fine old language convey no consolation, but they roll on in a grand and melancholy cadence, like the notes of some deep pathetic music.

The exhortation ends, and pastor and people now stand round the open grave, whilst the burial service is continued in Welsh. When the benediction has been uttered, the sexton scatters the green rushes on the coffin; the earth is shovelled in, and the rite is over.

The company quietly and sedately begins to disperse; the women move off by twos and threes to other graves; little

knots of men turn off in the same way. They stand and talk solemnly, as if of the departed whose remains lie underneath, recalling with tender memories, perhaps, their words and deeds. Then one after another, with an undefined look of solemnity hanging about them, the townsfolk, men and women and children, move off to their respective homes, to put aside their mourning and turn again to their different occupations.

In the meantime we still linger, seated upon a gravestone, and watch the last little group which passes out at the distant gate. It consists of the poor solitary sister, overcome with grief and weeping bitterly. When buxom Mrs. Griffiths Owen spoke of her to us, she had shaken her head, saying, "she took it to heart, and was very low." Here then she was, very low and heart-broken, leaning upon the arm of a kind-looking, elderly woman, with a carefully-plaited and stiffly-starched frilled cap inside her black bonnet, who seemed a very efficient prop for the bereaved mourner; after them came two other female mourners, and lastly the white-headed very old uncle, leading a small child by the hand. It was a mournful little group.

So ended this Welsh funeral. There was not much in it; but it impressed us with the loveliness of human sympathy—the neighbourliness of weeping with those who wept.

A scene of a different character occurred also just now in Conway, which, linking to the memory and usages of ancient times the enlarged interests and broader views of the present day, brought some hundreds of spectators to the town, and filled the old castle with life and gaiety.

An Eisteddfod was held here, which lasted three days, and

which, being marked by some features of national life and many picturesque details, was attractive to the tourist tribe which frequent North Wales at this season.

We are indebted to our friend the Rev. Richard Parry, of Llandudno, for most of the following information respecting Eisteddfods. He himself is a bard of the highest order, in testimony of which he is possessed of a casket of medals, gold and silver, of large size and great weight, and which, displayed upon his breast at the Conway Eisteddfod, made him a conspicuous and honoured object of attention.

The original Eisteddfod was the Parliament of the nation. The laws were founded by Dyfnwal Moelmud, four hundred years before the Christian era, and revised by Howel Dda, a thousand years ago. According to the statutes of Rhuddlan, the construction of the law was committed to the Commons, the executive to the Lords. The educational remains part and parcel of the law of the land to the present day.

An Eisteddfod was held at Conway Castle in the year 1461, in the reign of Henry VI., exactly four hundred years ago; and another during the same reign at Carmarthen, under the presidency of Gryfydd, grandfather to Sir Rhys ap Thomas, by whose aid Henry VII. was placed on the throne. On this occasion two silver badges were provided, a silver chair and a silver harp, both of which were triumphantly won by a bard and minstrel of Flintshire. Henry VIII. himself summoned an Eisteddfod at Caerwys, which was held in 1525. Queen Elizabeth did the same in 1568, the transactions of which were carefully recorded by Dr. John David Rees of Anglesey. Of later Eisteddfods, the most remarkable are one held at Denbigh in 1828, at which the Duke of Suffex presided; and one also at the same place in 1832, when her present Majesty, then Princess Victoria, distributed the prizes,

and when a poem by Mrs. Hemans was read, a contribution by her to the poetical department.

After her death, an elegy to her memory being proposed as one of the subjects of bardic composition, the prize was won by Thomas Parry, a brother of the Rev. Richard Parry, himself also a bard of great repute, and whose medals equal, if not exceed in number, those of his brother.

Besides the more serious business of the old Eisteddfods there were triennial meetings of the Bards, at which the monarch presided and awarded the prizes.

The compositions produced on such occasions, at a time when the most momentous events of the country were never committed to writing, assumed an important character, being the historical records of the time, the expression of public opinion, and the assertion and maintenance of whatever great truth was agitating the best minds of the nation. A chief bard,—the *Bardd Cadeiriog*, or chaired bard,—presided over the order, and by virtue of his rank was placed on a seat or chair of dignity, and wore on his breast a little silver or gold chain as a badge.

Both bards and minstrels were originally a branch of the Druidical hierarchy: the bard being the composer of song, the poet in fact; the minstrel, the musician who played on the harp, or who also sang with it. The pennillion singing of Wales is very ancient and remarkable; it is improvised singing to the equally improvised music of the harper.

All knowledge, civil or religious, was anciently preserved orally, and in a metrical form for the more easy committal to memory. The metre of their verse was a triad or stanza of three lines, each line composed of seven syllables; the first and second containing only the subject of the poem, and the third conveying some divine or moral precept. The bards still

remained even after the Druids were expelled or slaughtered by the Romans; and in the sixth century, great men being amongst them, such as Aneurin Gwawdrydd, Taliesin, Llyarch Hên, and Merddyn ap Morfryn, they used their power in endeavouring to arouse their countrymen to a last great effort against the Saxons. With the conquest of Wales and the death of the last Prince Llewellyn, however, the bardic spirit was completely broken; nor did it again revive in anything like its pristine force, although it shewed signs of life in the insurrection of Owen Glyndwr. In vain the monarchs of the Tudor line, though Gray's bard beheld them as "visions of glory," endeavoured to reanimate it by royal patronage; it could not be done. In the reign of George II., however, Powell, a Welsh harper, played before the monarch, and so delighted Handel, that that great master of music composed for him several pieces, which are given in the first set of Handel's concerts. But although the old bardic spirit, in its original form, may be dead, and every effort to revive it in that form may be fruitless, because it does not belong to the character of the age, it yet exists nationally in a far wider and nobler field, throughout the Welsh people, amongst the lower orders of whom poetry is loved and cultivated, whilst their taste and feeling for music proclaims itself everywhere—in every wayside chapel and village choir.

It is judicious, therefore, in the promoters of the present Eisteddfods, to make them rather means of general enlightenment, and moral and social improvement, than attempts to revive that which is dead and belonged only to a bye-gone and semi-barbarous age. The Eisteddfod of the nineteenth century has somewhat the character of a literary institution and a social-science meeting combined. Hence, at Conway, not only were poetry and music represented, but the arts and the knowledge

which embellish and add to the comfort and advancement of domestic and social life. Prizes were awarded as well for treatises on the best management of cattle, on improvements in agricultural implements, on the best models for vessels employed in the coasting trade, on the advantages of life-insurances, &c., on the more homely and humble female achievements of knitting and needlework, as well as for literature, poetry, and music.

But enough of introduction. Again we are within the walls of the old town. The morning is fine, and hundreds of people make the streets stir, hastening towards the castle to be present at the opening of the Eisteddfod. Flags of all colours and devices are floating from roofs and windows, and soon after leaving the railway-station we are aware of a band of music preceding a long procession of men, each wearing in the left-hand button-hole of his coat three golden ears of corn, with a bow of different coloured ribbon. These are the committee, the bards, and the minstrels, and other supporters of the Eisteddfod, on their way to the castle, which they enter under a triumphal arch of laurels, flags, flowers, and various devices; a raised pathway, formed for the occasion, leading thence into the castle. The procession and music, however, halt in the castle-yard, and here, with a good deal of ceremony, the Eisteddfod is proclaimed and opened with a somewhat quaint formula of words; thus:—

"The Truth against the World.—In the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, the sun approaching the autumnal equinox, in the forenoon of the fourteenth day of August, after due proclamation, this Gorsedd is opened within the Royal Castle of Conway, in Gwynedd, with invitation to all who would repair hither, where no weapon is unsheathed against them, and judgment will be pronounced upon all works of genius submitted for adjudication, in the face of the sun and the eye of light."—*The Truth against the World.*

Then with still further ceremony, in which a large stone



and a large sword figure conspicuously, various candidates, women as well as men, are admitted to the enjoyment of the bardic and other honours and dignities.

As regards the stone and the sword of this ceremony, Mr. Parry says,—“ In the opening proclamation it is always expressed ‘where there is no naked sword against them,’ or ‘where there is no weapon unsheathed against them,’ a symbol intended to signify that the bard is *a teacher of peace*. The presiding bard never takes the sword in hand by the hilt, but by the scabbard, half unsheathed, which the bards then graduated push up to be finally sheathed, not touching the blade. One of the questions put to the candidate for bardic orders at the *gorfedd* is, ‘Wilt thou, on word and conscience, declare that thou wilt exert all thy influence to maintain peace?’ ”

“The stone Christianity was introduced to Wales in the apostolic age; but, in fact, it was Christianity engrafted on Druidism; a mixture of both. Druidism had its essence, by tradition, from the Patriarchal religion of the land of Canaan. The stone, or the cromlech, represented Druidism: hence the ancient motto ‘*Da’r maen gyda’r efengyl*,’ or ‘The stone is good with the gospel.’ ”

Nor, as may be supposed, is colour without its symbolism in these ancient rites. The bard wears *blue* ribbon; the Ovate, a branch of the Druidic order representing the philosophers, physicians, mechanics, &c., *green*; and the Druids *white*.

Here also we may mention, though somewhat out of place, the pretty picturesque ancient Welsh costume worn by two young girls for the occasion, and which is always worn by a certain Mary Salsbri of Conway, who received a reward of five pounds from Lady Llanover in consequence.

In the meantime we enter the castle, the interior court of which has been transformed for the occasion into a magnificent

hall, roofed in by sail-cloth supported down the centre by masts wreathed with evergreens. The walls, tapestried with luxuriant ivy, are decorated with ornamental Welsh mottoes and devices, whilst a great variety of banners droop from above, conspicuous amongst which are the Prince's feathers, with the motto *Eich dyn* (your man), which the Welsh antiquarian asserts has been corrupted into ICH DIEN (I serve).

This beautiful hall, so appropriate for the occasion, which opened out into the old banquetting and other apartments of the castle, was filled with seats and a raised platform for the transaction of the business of the day, conspicuous on which stood the carved chair of the chief bard, and an array of harps and other musical instruments. The true primitive Welsh harps, with their simple unadorned frames of stained wood, tall, thin, high-shouldered instruments, of which there were five, were naturally the most interesting. The hall soon filled, and the leaders of the Eisteddfod, ladies as well as gentlemen, and the various musicians and singers, took their places. The business began, and the periods of the old Welsh tongue in prose and poetry rolled grandly through the hall. But just when the enthusiasm was growing ever warmer an unfortunate disaster occurred. It began to rain, and ere long torrents were pouring through the insecure roofing down upon the assembly. A general movement took place; musical instruments, and harps especially, were anxiously covered by their respective owners; umbrellas were hoisted, and people crowded together under the dry spaces of the tent-like roof. In the meantime the business went slowly on; a short Welsh poem was read, but, like the rich lower notes of the singing of the Welsh nightingale, as she was called, was partially lost in the constant drip, drip, of the rain, and the anxiety of everybody not to be wet through.

A disaster of this kind, however, is not without its advan-

tages—it breaks down the barriers of silence and distance which stranger feels with stranger; and, huddled under the broad green tapestry of an ivied buttress, above which the rain had not yet penetrated, we stood beside an intelligent Welsh gentleman, whose enthusiasm no rain could damp, and from him learned various details of the gathering which otherwise we might not have known. “See, yonder intelligent-looking middle-aged Welshwoman, in the handsome gold-coloured shawl, and the black straw hat worn above the lace, pink-trimmed cap,—she is a Welsh bardess from South Wales, who has carried off already several prizes at former Eisteddfods, and is here perhaps for new honours.” And what a singularly acute countenance hers was, with the clear brown eyes and well-cut Roman nose! “And yonder young peasant man, with the sensitive and almost refined features, and the thin yellow beard,—he also is a bard, Llewelyn Twrog by name—who has just read a very clever poem addressed to the Eisteddfod by another bard, quite a patriarch, Absalom Vardd, upwards of eighty years of age.”

We turn now to the platform. The great harp contest was that morning to have taken place, and as more than the usual prizes had been offered for the occasion, the excitement and expectation were proportionately great. The time was almost at hand, but the pitiless rain came down faster than ever. “Look now at yonder pale, thin boy,” said our friend; “he is not so tall as his harp, but he is a marvellous performer, and probably will carry off the chief prize.” We had already noticed him, and especially because some defect of sight, apparently almost blindness, had awakened our sympathy. It was a grave, melancholy face, though so young, with little of a boy’s joyousness, and nothing of his recklessness about it; the young soul of which it was the outward index dwelt in an inner world brighter than this—a world of harmony and higher vision. A simple peasant-

woman, his mother as we supposed, was with him ; but this, as we learned afterwards, was not the case ; nevertheless, she was his friend, and helped him when the rain began, to cover his harp, as the other harpers had done theirs, that the strings might be kept dry. But now that the harp contest is expected to take place, every harper is busy with his instrument, and you hear a tuning of strings in preparation. Behind the boy is a somewhat grand, peasant-like man, whose breast is covered with medals, and he too is almost blind. He is a celebrated harper from South Wales, the successful candidate in many former contests, and now, he or the boy, our friend tells us, will in all probability carry away the increased prize. The woman lifts the covering from the boy's harp, whilst his thin, small, nervous fingers try the strings, first one and then another. Very jealously the woman lifts it, just far enough to admit the little hand and no farther.

But the rain forbade this most interesting contest, which indeed only took place on the last day, when, as our friend had predicted, the many-medalled harper and the boy were the victors. They, however, in the first place, contested so equally, that a second trial was called for, when the boy carried off the first, and the man the second prize.

One feature of these national gatherings should not be overlooked, namely, the enlarged knowledge of the language to which they lead. Half a century ago, when the Welsh tongue was spoken even more universally than now, it was disregarded by the higher and educated classes, and there was scarcely a single Welsh clergyman of the Church of England in a Welsh pulpit—hence one cause of the immense growth of dissent in Wales, and of the number of little chapels which you find everywhere. Now however, on the contrary, when the English mingle more than ever with the Welsh, and the English language is taught in their established village schools, every church,

however insignificant, has its university-educated native clergyman, who preaches in eloquent Welsh, and many of whom, as well as the native nobility and gentry, pay great attention to the language as a rich philological study, and discover in it traces of the highest antiquity, close kinship even to the oldest and noblest languages of the earth. In this respect also the Eisteddfod may be called a national college. Nevertheless, it is to be wished that whilst all means should be used to preserve this fine old language as a spoken tongue, English were more generally understood by the people; pious, intelligent people as they are; but whose *dim Saffnach* makes them as sealed books to the friendly English tourist or resident. But still, the power, deep sentiment, and musical cadence of this remarkable language, are often exhibited even to these in the little prayer meetings of the wayside or village chapel, where the impassioned and eloquent utterances of the soul are poured forth in the minor key, with an eloquence and pathos which even a Beethoven could not surpass.



Before closing this long article on Conway, we must mention with approbation the good taste and judgment with which the great works of modern improvement and civilization—the suspension bridge, and the railway-works—are made, not only to harmonize with the castle, but even to add to it new features of beauty and dignity.

The castle is the property of the Crown, but is now held by Lady Erskine.



Goodrich Castle and Court.

Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
Wandering with timid footstep oft betrayed,
The stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
Old Time ; though He, gentlest among the thralls
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls
From the wan moon, upon the towers and walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.
Relic of kings ! wreck of forgotten wars,
To winds abandoned, and the prying stars,
Time *loves* thee ! At his call the seasons twine
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar ;
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,
A soothing recompense, his gifts, are thine !

WORDSWORTH.



ONE of the most striking beauties of the river Wye, is the tendency which it has to strike out fine circles in its course, sometimes almost as true as if struck by compasses. These, amid alternating rocks and woods, and verdant meadows, are not only delightful to the eye themselves, but give to the advancing traveller all the charms of rural beauty. One of these fine sweeps occurs at Goodrich, about four miles from Ross, in Herefordshire, and on a bold promontory encircled thus by the beautiful stream, stand the remains of Goodrich Castle, till the time of the wars of the Commonwealth one of the strongest fortresses of England.

This castle was granted in the fifth year of King John to William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who married Isabel, the sole heiress of the famous Strongbow, conqueror of Ireland, and succeeded to his vast estates. He was the same Earl of Pembroke who advised Henry III. to grant the Great Charter. It afterwards went into the family of the De Valences, from whom it passed by marriage to the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, and remained theirs till 1616, when Gilbert, the seventh Earl, left three daughters his coheiresses. To one of these, Elizabeth, fell Goodrich, and she carried it by marriage to her husband, Henry Grey, Earl of Kent, who died in 1639 without issue. The castle and estate then passed to his next relatives, who became Earls and afterwards Dukes of Kent. At the demise of Henry, the last Duke of Kent of that family, it passed by purchase in 1740 to the Griffins of Hadnock: and a few years ago it was bought by Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, of Goodrich Court.

The castle is most famous for the stout resistance that it made in 1646, when it was held for the king by Sir Richard Lingen, against the Parliament force under Colonel Birch, to whom, however, it was eventually compelled to surrender.

It appears that Colonel Birch marched out of Hereford on the morning of March the 10th, with a party of horse and foot, and was joined at Goodrich by the horse of Colonel Kirle from Monmouth, and the firelocks of Rumsey. They fell on the stables and took sixty-four horses, with hay and other provisions. They burnt down the stables, and then went into the passage-house, seized the officers and soldiers in it, and invested the castle. The siege continued till the 31st of July, nearly four months. The castle was exceedingly strong, being built on a rock, and of the stone dug out of the ditch, so that the ditch was very deep, and the walls and

towers were raised on massive pyramidal bastions, like some of the towers at Chepstow. The nearer approach to the castle was defended by a succession of gates and deep fosses and drawbridges. What these defences were may be imagined from this recent description:—"The body of the keep is an exact square of twenty feet. The additions made to



GOODRICH CASTLE.

this fortress down to the time of Henry VI. begin with the very strongly fortified entrance, which, commencing between two semicircular towers of unequal dimensions, near the east angle, was continued under a dark vaulted passage to an extent of fifty feet. Immediately before this entrance, and

within the space enclosed by the fosse, was a very deep pit, hewn out of the solid rock, formerly crossed by a drawbridge, which is now gone. About eleven feet within this passage was a maffy gate. This gate and the drawbridge were defended on each side by loopholes, and overhead by rows of machicolations for pouring down melted lead, etc., on the heads of assailants. Six feet and a half beyond this was a portcullis, and about seven further a second portcullis ; and the space between these was again protected by loopholes and machicolations. About two feet more inward was another strong gate, and five feet and a half beyond this on the right a small door leading to a long, narrow gallery, only three feet high, formed in the thickness of the wall, and which was the means of access to the loopholes in the eastern tower, as well as to some others that commanded the brow of the steep precipice towards the North-east. These works appear to have been thought sufficient for general defence ; but a resource was ingeniously contrived for greater security in case they had been forced, for a little further on are maffy stone projections in the wall on each side, like pilasters, manifestly designed for inserting great beams of timber within them, like bars from one side of the passage to the other, so as to form a strong barricade, with earth or stones between the rows of timber, which would in a short time form a strong, maffy wall."

In the days of mere bows and battle-axes this would have been found an unassailable stronghold, and even Colonel Birch, with such cannon and mortars as they had in those days, seems to have been rather staggered by the sturdy strength of the place ; for when he had lain before it till the beginning of June, he wrote to the Committee of Parliament begging for battering cannon ; "or else," he said, "I may sit long enough before it." He had, up to that time, it appears, only two mortar-pieces,

but the great iron culverin was going from Gloucester, and two guns from Ludlow. He reported the enemy very resolute within, and very careful of their ammunition, trusting to their strong walls. On the 1st of June he began to make regular approaches "within pistol-shot of the enormous rampiers, intending when they were finished to shoot granadoes in the mortar-pieces." The prisoners they had taken informed them that the besieged were well supplied with provisions, and depended much on the strength of the castle. On the 13th of June, Birch summoned them to surrender, offering them flattering terms, but they only laughed at them. Whereupon they began to storm with their granadoes, and tore down a piece of a tower. Still the besieged only laughed at them; and when they saw sappers at work preparing mines at the base of the castle, one of the Cavaliers called out, saying, "they cared not for being blown up, they could from the sky laugh at the flourishing Roundheads." On the 15th of June Colonel Birch complained that his ordnance was small, and had done but little execution. He had, therefore, sent for two great guns: all that had yet been done having been performed by the two mortar-pieces. But he reported that the mines were going on well. Another letter on the 18th of July, reported that they had made a breach in an upper wall, and that the granadoes had done much damage, but "yet they take no more notice of it than if no enemy were before it." Yet the writer flatters himself that the great mortar-piece and the mine would make them soon cry for mercy," and he trusts that the estate of Sir Richard Lingen would make amends both to the state and the besiegers. We must suppose that the great mortar-piece and the mine had all the effect that the writer anticipated, for on the 31st of July the besieged had surrendered on promise of their lives. This was the last castle which held out for the

king, except that of Pendennis. The castle was dismantled by order of Parliament.

On the North side, where are windows for reconnoitering the Wye, there is a charming prospect over the adjacent country. On the West are the remains of the banquetting-hall: and on the East those of the chapel, with an ornamented Gothic window. Near the hall is a curious octagonal column, evidently the centre round which the grand staircase was carried, but that and the tower enclosing it are destroyed.

In the Memoirs of Wordsworth, we learn that the little girl who is the heroine of his poem, "WE ARE SEVEN," the poet met with, not at Conway, where by poetic license he has laid the scene, but within the area of Goodrich Castle, in the spring of 1793: and thus the mystery is solved of the little girl speaking English, or the poet so fully understanding Welsh. Hence in vain, though "the grave is green, it may be seen," has the good woman of Conway, and no doubt many another person, hunted for it in Conway churchyard.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."

She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied;

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair;
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay;
Till GOD released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

“So in the churchyard she was laid,
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John, and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide;
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you then,” said I,
“If they two are in Heaven?”
The little maiden did reply,
“O Master! we are seven.”

“But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!”
’Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

In the memoirs of Wordsworth we also find this entry:—
“In the spring of 1841 I revisited Goodrich Castle; the river from its position and features is a most impressive object. I could not but deeply regret that its solemnity was impaired by a fantastic new castle (Goodrich Court), set up on a projection of the same ridge, as if to show how far modern art can go in surpassing all that could be done by antiquity and nature, with their united graces, remembrances, and associations.”

We may imagine with what astonishment our late friend, Sir Samuel Meyrick, would have read this paragraph had it been published in his life-time. Sir Samuel, so far from endeavouring to cast into the shade ancient art by modern, was the zealous admirer of all antiquity. This building was designed and executed as an exposition of the principles of feudal architecture, and intended to contain those collections of ancient armour and other feudalities which he had accumulated at so much expense. It was projected to exemplify the style

of architecture prevailing during the reigns of Edwards I., II., and III. It was designed by Blore, and the first stone was laid on the 23rd of April, 1828, by Llewellyn Meyrick, Sir Samuel's only son, who was not destined to live to inherit this charming place. Sir Samuel himself died in 1848, and the property passed to his nephew, Colonel Meyrick, of the Scots Fusilier Guards. Goodrich Court stands firmly on a bold promontory of the Wye, with a wood running down the steep bank to the river. It is backed by Coppet Wood and hills at some distance, giving it a position of peculiar beauty. Sir Samuel Meyrick, the author of the splendid work on "Ancient Armour," had filled this mansion with a collection of objects, which, if they had not won over the poetic mind of Wordsworth from censure to praise, would have enchanted the feudal tastes of Sir Walter Scott.

Goodrich Court is approached from the highway from Ross to Monmouth by an arched gateway, called the Monmouth Gateway, at about the distance of half a mile from the house itself. Arriving, you pass over the moat by a drawbridge leading to a gateway, furnished duly with its portcullis, and flanked by two round towers. You then find yourselves on a fine airy terrace overlooking the Wye far below, and in front of the building, presenting a variety of round towers, gables, and turrets, full of detail, but somewhat wanting in elevation to confer on it the full dignity of a feudal fortress. In fact, with all its intended style of antiquity, there is a modern aspect about it, not merely resulting from its freshness, but from the mixture of gothic façades, more appropriate to a monastery than a castle. The chief tower is flanked with a strong bastion, is machicolated, and furnished with lantern, turrets and spire.

The building incloses a spacious court, which is divided

into two by the grand armoury. A porch on the left side of the inner court leads you to the entrance-hall. In a cavetto moulding over the archway in characters of the time of Edward II., is the following inscription:—

AUSPICE EDV. BLORE.

SUMPTIBUS S. R. MEYRICK.

A.D. MDCCCXXVIII.

In the spandrels of the arch, on each side, is a stone shield, sculptured with armorial bearings of the family. On the door is a bronze knocker, designed by Giovanni di Bologna, representing the destruction of the Philistines by Samson. The entrance-hall is divided by an archway, and is adorned with arms, hunting weapons, stags'-horns, etc., displayed with great taste. The fire-place, of Painswick stone, is finely designed by Mr. Blore, the architect; but the great curiosity of the hall is a Bohemian pavoise, of the middle of the fifteenth century. The hall at night is lighted by a Greek lamp found in Herculaneum, rich in ornaments of female masks and horses' heads; a head of Janus forming the lid of the receptacle for the oil. On the principal door is a curious carving of George and the Dragon, of the time of Henry VII., in which the dragon holds his meat-dish in his paws, containing the king's daughter ready to be devoured. In the part leading to the staircase is a fine oriel window, richly emblazoned with painted glass, representing Sir Samuel's ancestor, Meuric or Meyrick ab Llewellyn, of Bodorgan, in the island of Anglesey, esquire of the body to King Henry VII., with the family arms, crest and motto. From the hall a Sallyport with drawbridge leads to the Ladies' Terrace; thence by another drawbridge you cross the moat to the flower-garden, and thence you can descend through the wood to the river.

To the left of the entrance-hall you pass into the gallery of

Henry VI., the length of which is one hundred and six feet. The window is an admirable specimen of German painted glass, representing St. George in fluted armour, with the date 1517. On the right hand, in a niche, stands a figure accoutred in probably the most magnificent suit of armour in existence: beautifully embossed with bas-reliefs, and inlaid with gold. It belonged to the Duke of Ferrara, the patron of Tasso. It is one of those gleanings of the world with which Buonaparte intended to enrich Paris, and was designed for Malmaison, but did not reach France before Buonaparte was dethroned in 1814, and was purchased at Modena by Sir Samuel.

Quitting the entrance-hall on the right, you are introduced to the ASIATIC GALLERY, in which are arranged a great number of articles of costume, arms, armour, etc., from India, China, and other parts of Asia. The room is papered to imitate the walls of the Alhambra in Spain, and there is a figure in Moorish armour brought from Spain, made of pieces of hide cut into scales, and resembling the lorica of the Romans. In the centre is a Pindaree warrior on horseback. The chain-armour of the warrior and the trappings of the horse were brought by Captain Grindley from India, the head-gear being of solid silver. The whole group was prepared from a drawing by Captain Grindley. There are two glass cases filled with arms and armour from various countries of Asia, including China. Behind this, separated from the ante-room by a row of arches, is the ASIATIC ARMOURY, in which is a grand group of Indian figures on horseback, to exhibit varieties of Indian and Persian armour and costume. There is another glass-case containing arms and other articles; and two others, one on each side of the window, containing a variety of Hindoo deities and Chinese curiosities. Then comes the SOUTH SEA ROOM, similarly furnished with the

weapons from the islands of the Pacific, including a grand war-cloak of feathers, brought from the Sandwich Isles by Captain Cook. These rooms are curious and instructive, but they are the least of all like what you are looking for in a British baronial hall: you enter with a more satisfied feeling the opposite suite of rooms.

The BANQUETTING HALL strikes you as perfect. It is fifty feet long. Over the entrance is the Minstrels' Gallery, and on the dais or raised floor at the upper end is a billiard table, on one side of which folding doors conduct to a covered way leading to the stables; on the other side other folding-doors lead to the HASTILUDE CHAMBER. The roof is of oak, high pitched, resting on stone corbels; the floor and panelling are also of oak, and the chimney-piece is elaborately carved in Painswick stone, bearing on its pediment an alto-relievo of Aylmer de Valence, the owner of the castle in the time of Edward II., copied from his monument in Westminster Abbey. From this window there are fine views of Goodrich Castle, and of the valleys of the Wye and of Lea Bailey. Amongst the paintings in this room are Phillip II. of Spain, by Coello, the Spanish Court painter; his daughter Isabella and her husband Ferdinand; Lord Howard of Effingham; the Queen of James II., and Henry, Prince of Wales; Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in armour, by Cornelius de Neve; a trooper of the Commonwealth, said to be Cornet Joyce, and portraits of Sir Samuel and his son.

In the HASTILUDE CHAMBER you find yourselves in the midst of a tournament,—men, steeds, spectators, lifts, heralds, the royal box, and the whole costume and appurtenances of the same. You have also, in the same room, if our memory serve us right, the procession of Sir Samuel himself when high sheriff, with all his javelin-men in his livery. Near this is a

CHAPEL, fitted as all chapels were at the supposed date, the time of our Edwards, in the Roman Catholic style. The carvings and figures are many of them of those times, others of Henry VI. The rich altar-cloth, the large candlesticks, the croziers, the reading desks, and other fittings, are all ancient and curious from their histories. But the especial room of the house is THE GRAND ARMOURY. It is eighty feet in length, and you have the history of ancient armour before your eyes on the backs of figures representing known warriors, ten of these figures on horseback. You have also ten glass-cases, containing a series of arms and armour, down from the Greek and Roman and the Ancient Briton, to the time when armour was exploded by that terrible explosive, gunpowder. Above these are ranged banners of many famous men; and in the intervening spaces are eighty-four halberds, arranged in groups according to their respective periods. The oaken columns supporting the gallery are covered with weapons of all known kinds, including the most complete collection of the kind in the world. It was the possession of this unrivalled assemblage of arms and armour which enabled Sir Samuel to write and illustrate his superb work on the subject. We believe that it was from this armoury that the Austrians adopted the same arrangement in the great armoury in one of the palaces in Vienna.

It is an odd feeling that haunts you when walking amongst this extensive collection of instruments of death. You seem to have stepped out of the Christian world altogether, and entered one of animals, bent above all things on mutual destruction. What a wonderful exertion of the faculties, from age to age, to devise some newer and more efficient means of sending people out of the world! What an inveterate race of steel porcupines in the shape of men! If any one ever doubted of the fall, and that "the heart of man is deceitful

above all things, and desperately wicked," it would not, it seems to us, be possible to doubt it for half-an-hour in such a gallery as this. The ingenious inventions, and the costly productions, of many races and generations of people priding themselves at once on being Christians and exterminators of Christians: sons of the Prince of Peace inveterately given to fighting. Such a display of the weapons of death seems, indeed, to substantiate the doctrine of the late actuary Finlayson, that "war is the *natural* condition of man, and peace is but the season of exhaustion, and of recruiting himself for fresh encounters of reciprocal murders. What a singular idea this gives us of the human race!—what a dismal illustration of universal history! That unhappy thing so happily called—'the great river of mingled blood and tears.'"

Goodrich Court is for the most part thrown open to public inspection, and is resorted to by throngs of deeply interested visitors: but it is only by those who, like ourselves, have spent some time in the house, that the vast extent of its treasures of art and antiquity can be known. There is a suite of apartments reserved for the family, and not opened to the public. There are the library, the dining, breakfast, and drawing rooms, the Doucean Museum, the Sir Gelly Chamber, the chambers fitted up in the fashion of and named after James I.; Charles I. and Charles II.'s Galleries; William III.'s Chamber, with the Prince's, the Herald's, the Page's, and the Leech's chambers, and the Greek Room. In these rooms are contained a wealth of articles of ancient art and vertu, of paintings and sculptures and gems, that fill a large catalogue. We may, however, mention one or two particulars. Miss Strickland in the "History of the Queens of England," wonders what has become of a certain ivory box, carved in the shape of a rose, mentioned by Horace Walpole to have contained the miniature

portraits of Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves, painted by Holbein, and which, by the over-flattering likenesses of Anne, occasioned so much mischief. This is securely deposited in a drawer of the library, and we must say that if Anne had been as comely-looking as there represented, even Henry could not have complained of her plainness. The library table is of the time of Henry III., and amongst the valuable collection of books is the original edition of 1521, of Henry VIII.'s *Affertio Septem Sacramenta, contra M. Luther*, which obtained for Henry the title of Defender of the Faith, from the Pope; with a curious frontispiece by Hans Holbein. There are also other relics of Henry VIII., and portraits of Luther and his wife, Catherine à Boria. On the table of the drawing-room is a pair of enamelled copper candlesticks, seven hundred years old, with an inkstand and other articles of nearly the same age. The Doucean Museum contains the rich collection of works of art and antiquity, collected by Mr. Francis Douce, and bequeathed by him to Sir Samuel Meyrick, consisting of paintings of the Byzantine and Italian schools, tapestry, drawings, engravings, carvings in wood and ivory, enamels, cinquecent bronzes, coins and medals, crests, antiquities of Greece, Egypt, Rome, Mexico, Persia, China, and India. Besides this every room has its appropriate fittings and objects of historic and artistic interest. During our visit at Goodrich Court we were lodged in the chamber of William and Mary.



Fountains Abbey.



NO part of England in the palmy days of Romanism could boast more splendid monastic buildings, or can now show more magnificent remains of them, than Yorkshire. Greatly varied in its scenery, this extensive county is traversed by dales and glens, presenting every attraction to that love of seclusion, and yet of stately half religious, half baronial life, which distinguished the sacred orders of the Roman church. Woods and rivers, and fair uplands, and wild forest tracks, gave every scope for the love of solitude, of the pomp and harmony of worship, or for the more worldly tastes for the chace, and the tributes of fish and *feræ naturæ*, and bovine and pecudine substantials for the refectory. Fountains and Rievaulx, Jervaux and Byland, and many another name, raise visions of the now shattered grandeur of the monastic ages, that had nothing to outvie it in any country of Europe. Of all these, and of all such superb seats of conventual power and splendour in England, none can equal in extent of ruin, as once in amplitude of estate, the noble pile of Fountains. We are told that after its original period of poverty and distress, a great prosperity flowed in upon the establishment. Many persons of power and opulence purchased, by large donations, a sepulture within the walls of the abbey. Favoured by popes, kings, and pre-



FOUNTAINS ABBEY ; FROM THE ABBOT'S HOUSE.

lates, with various immunities and privileges, and enriched by a succession of princely gifts, Fountains Abbey became one of the wealthiest monasteries of the kingdom. The church ranked amongst the fairest structures of the land, and the possessions attached to it comprehended a vast extent, embracing the country from the foot of Pennigent to the boundaries of St. Wilfrid of Ripon, an uninterrupted space of more than thirty miles. Besides many other wide domains, the lands in Craven contained, in a ring fence, a hundred square miles, or sixty thousand acres, on a moderate computation.

We learn from the "Monasticon," on the authority of

Hugh, a monk of Kirkstall, that the site of this monastery was granted in 1132, by Thurston, Archbishop of York, out of his liberty of Ripon, which town, containing the venerable cathedral of St. Wilfrid, is not four miles off. He conferred it on certain monks, who separated themselves from what they deemed the lax discipline of the Benedictine abbey of St. Mary of York, and resolved to adopt the Cistercian rule, which was then becoming famous from the reputed sanctity and daring enthusiasm of St. Bernard. Richard, the prior, with the sub-prior, ten monks of St. Mary's, and Robert, a monk of Whitby, retired in the depth of winter to this secluded, and, at that period, wild and uncultivated dell, where they commenced a church in honour of the Blessed Virgin. They found shelter, according to tradition, under a gigantic elm, which is said to have lived on for four hundred years; and, if so, probably only fell with the abbey itself, for the royal commissioners of Henry VIII. arrived to pronounce its doom in 1535. There are also remaining old yews still standing near the abbey mill, and probably planted by the first fathers of the place. Like the founders of many other monasteries, the monks were at first nearly driven away by starvation. They determined to accept the invitation of St. Bernard to go over and take refuge in his monastery of Clairvaux, in Champagne, but just at this juncture good fortune began to smile on them; they remained, and the monastery grew into the splendour and the wealth which we have mentioned.

The history of Fountains Abbey is like hundreds of other such houses. In some contentions in its earlier days between Murdoc, its abbot, and one William, for election to the archbishopric of York, the partizans of William set fire to it, and burnt it down, hoping to have burnt Murdoc in it. It was soon rebuilt, for the style of the main body of the abbey is

Early English, and though many additions were made to it, they must have been either very early, or only towards the conclusion of the papal ascendancy in England ; for the main body of the building is in the Early English style, and the tower in the Perpendicular. We are told that in 1203, Ralph, the ninth abbot, commenced the building of the choir, and that successive abbots built the Lady Chapel, or chapel of the Nine Altars, and that these, with the great cloister, the Infirmary, and the Xenodochium, or house of entertainment for the poor, were not completed till 1247. The great tower appears to have been built by the abbots Huby and Darnton at the end of the fifteenth century, and is of the style of that period, the Perpendicular ; so that it must have been in the glory of its freshness when the commissioners of Henry VIII. arrived in 1535 to terminate its ecclesiastical existence. It was finally surrendered in 1539 by Marmaduke Bradley, thirty-eighth abbot. According to the certificates delivered to the commissioners, its income, including the tythes, was £998 6s. 7½*d.*, but it appears by another account to have realized annually £1,173 0s. 7*d.*

The abbey and part of the estates were sold by Henry VIII. to Sir Richard Gresham, the father of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange in London. In the eighteenth century, the property was purchased by William Aislaby, the son of Mr. Chancellor Aislaby, the proprietor of the adjoining property of Studley Royal, also an original domain of the Abbey of Fountains, which had passed through the hands of the families of Aleman, Le Gros, Tempest, and Mallory ; John Aislaby, the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the beginning of the eighteenth century, having inherited it from Mary Mallory, his mother. The two properties were thrown together by the son of the Chancellor, the purchaser of Fountains, and now constitute a property having few rivals

for picturesque beauty. From William Aislabye it descended to the late Mrs. Lawrence, famous for her political spirit, and for triumphing over the very Reform Bill, and continuing, by the creation of what were called cowshed votes, to send her nominees for the adjoining borough of Ripon to parliament. By her it was bequeathed to the Earl de Grey, a collateral descendant from the Aislabies, who is now the fortunate proprietor.

To reach the abbey, you must present yourself at the gates of Studley Park, where guides are in attendance to conduct you over the whole scene. With one of these you ascend the vale of the Skell, amid a succession of scenes of the most woodland and truly English beauty. As you advance, you behold unfolding before you, woods, grand old avenues, lakes, streams, fountains, and lawns and terraces of the most smoothly-shaven neatness. It is the perfection of art employed on a wildly secluded nature. The exquisite keeping and finish of the whole makes you feel as if you had entered the very gardens of Armida, if even they in their fabled beauty can be conceived so highly adorned and exquisitely tended.

In shadier bowers,
More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph
Nor faunus haunted.

MILTON.

In fact, the artistic finish appears almost too perfect, and as if not a leaf even could fall without offending that consummate polish of velvet lawn, winding walk, smooth as polished stone, and bower, and temple, grotto, and statue of Grecian god or goddess, or contending gladiators, the hum of nicely-studied waterfall, or the sunlit surface of lakes, moved only by the wings and oaring feet of wild fowl. But, as these elysian

scenes are but the introduction to the abbey itself, we shall only say that we pass the Moon and Crescent ponds, the Octagon Tower, leaving Studley Hall itself on the right, and through groups of immense spruce firs, some of them of one hundred and thirty feet in height, and of upwards of twelve feet in circumference at the base. Suddenly a door opens, and we find ourselves in a noble Gothic alcove, called Anne Boleyn's Seat, and before us a most striking view of the abbey, with its tall and stately tower, amid the opening woods, and on the banks of the meandering Skell.

As we advance along this narrow dale amid towering rocks and shrouding woods, we are reminded that we are now in Fountain Dale, famous for the contest of Robin Hood and the Curtal friar. Passing this spot, we presently emerge into the full view of the noble abbey, with the fine pointed windows of the body of the church wreathed with masses of ivy; but its grand tower standing clear and majestic, and nearly as unimpaired as at the hour of its desertion. To describe the whole of the remains of this admirable ruin would require a volume. There are the chapel of Nine Altars, the glorious choir, the transept and side chapels, the tower, the nave, the cloister-court, the cloisters, and chapter-house—all demanding particular attention for their noble proportions, and the grace and beauty of their remaining arches, columns, and windows. The chapel of Nine Altars is wonderfully impressive from the loftiness and lightness of its arches, which cross it in prolongation of the clerestory of the choir, the central pillars of which are octagonal, but are now stripped of the cylindric shafts, with which they were formerly clustered. These are said to have been the work of a rustic genius of the village of Sawley, called in the charters of the abbey “Thomas Marmorarius de Sawley.” Over one of the windows is a scroll inscribed in abbreviation

with a motto which reveals the origin of the abbey's name.—
Benedicite fontes domino.

In the choir only the external walls remain ; but on the two upper gables of the High Altar have been relaid a portion of that "painted floor" recorded to have been bestowed on the choir by the abbot, John de Cantia, in the thirteenth century, consisting of tesserae of red, black, yellow, and grey. There is also a stone coffin, said to be that of Lord Percy of Alnwick, who was buried before the high altar in 1315 ; and a huge black marble gravestone of the abbot, John de Ripon. In the side chapels of the transept are other remains, particularly of the tomb of Abbot Burley : and on each side of the great tower, above and below the belfry windows, are inscriptions in Tudor black letter boldly relieved. The inscriptions above the windows are all different, but the same individual motto serves for the lower inscription on all four sides.—"Soli deo honor et gloria in secula seculorum. Amen." The Cloister Court remains surrounded by the church and its accompanying buildings. It is one hundred and twenty-five feet square. On the west of it are the cloisters themselves, still perfect, and presenting a double arcade of arches. It is lighted by windows looking into the court, but presents a solemn and sombre twilight scene ; and when the imagination raises the figures of the ancient monks, in cowls and frocks, taking their exercise here in winter, the impressions of their life and times come vividly before us. So narrow is the valley here that a great part of these cloisters are built over the river, the floor being laid on arches. Over the cloisters was the dormitory of the monks, divided into about forty cells.

In November, 1848, a great discovery was made of the foundations of the Abbot's house, which was situated to the south-east of the Lady Chapel, and also built on arches over

the ruin. The falling in of part of these arches led to the discovery, and the foundations have since been laid bare, and present very interesting details of the goodly mansion of the abbots, containing a fine pillared hall, one hundred and seventy-one feet long by seventy feet wide, ample kitchens, chapel, refectory, and a stable for the six white horses which drew



FOUNTAINS : LADY CHAPEL.

the chariot of the last abbot. "*Sex equi ad bigam.*" Amongst the rubbish which covered the foundations, were found many ornamental encaustic tiles, and amongst the ashes of the kitchen curious fragments of silver plate, pottery, etc., and

abundance of oyster, mussel, and cockle shells, showing the liberal use of fish by the holy brotherhood.

It appears that Sir Stephen Proctor, of Warfill, in 1611, pulled down this fine old abbot's house, to build himself a mansion, which still stands on a steep and wooded slope, at a short distance from the western gate of the abbey. The old house, with its large mullioned windows, its picturesque gables, its oddly out of keeping Ionic porch with sundial over it, its balcony, its statues, purloined from the abbey, and its clipped yew hedges, is an object well becoming the scene, though we should have preferred that Sir Stephen had found some other quarry for his stones than the abbot's dwelling.

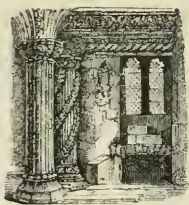
The view of the buildings is beautiful as you stand at the south end of the Lady Chapel and take in the extent of the lofty walls and windows, one above another, with the trees beyond equalling them in height. The old rocks also, showing themselves along the north side of the abbey, overhung with trees which have grown since the abbey itself was hewn out of those rocks, are remarkably picturesque.

Near the abbey, on the other side of the river, which we cross by an old bridge, still stands the abbey mill, looking ancient and in excellent keeping with the scene. It still grinds for the people of the neighbourhood as it ground for the monks, and looks out dustily from amongst ancient trees. There is also a saw-mill hissing lustily as in modern contempt of all this antiquity. Near the old mill stands one of the most antiquated groups of yew-trees that eye ever beheld. There were probably seven of them, for they are still called the "Seven Sisters," though there are only three or four remaining, huge and hollow, but still most of them vigorous in foliage. One of them is twenty-five feet in circumference, and they are calculated to have stood here twelve centuries.

They have long outlived, not only the magnificent abbey, but the system out of which it rose. Long may they continue casting the spirit of long-past ages over a scene which combines the ever-living forms of nature so lovingly with the shattered remains of mediæval art, that together they seem rather a vision of poetry than a reality of this matter-of-fact era. It is difficult, even while these graceful piles stand before us amid the solemnity of ancient meadow, hill and wood, to conceive that they once were enfolded by a life so opposed to everything now moving around us. The world of monks walking in dim cloisters, and sending up their daily anthems amid such incensed shrines and arcades of soaring columns, and the world of railroads and busy forges and populous factories, appear impossible, as the growth of the same ground and the same minds. We can scarcely do more than regard them as raised to embody the dreams of poets, and to give a new charm to the summer day's ramble, by such lapsing streams and through such shadowy woodlands as those of Fountain dale.



Roslin Chapel and Castle.



HERE is no place in Scotland which fame for beauty and poetry has excited so lively a desire in the tourist to see, as Roslin and its neighbour Hawthornden; and the wish is easily gratified on the arrival at Edinburgh, for these celebrated spots are only about seven miles to the south of that city. But great is the wonder of the traveller as he advances in that direction. He has not long quitted the romantic environs of the Scottish capital, and begins with eagerness to look a-head for this promised fairyland, when he beholds only a plain, bald tract of country, over which are rolling the smoke of coal-pit fires. The farther he goes the stronger becomes his amazement. The black hills of coal-refuse; carts and wagons laden with that black but useful mineral pass him, and he beholds a very ordinary country intersected by stone walls, scarred and disfigured by all the features of a coal-mining region; and with hundreds of engine-chimneys vomiting smoke.

But anon he comes to the edge of a deep and narrow valley, at the bottom of which runs a rapid stream, and the steep banks of this glade are varied by every charm of rocks and woods, and dwellings of past or present generations. Here stands the far-famed chapel, worthy of all its reputation, there perched at the brink of the deep and steep glen, the ruins of the ancient castle, with a modern house erected amongst

them ; and there a little farther is the classic abode of the poet Drummond ; but far most interesting of the whole, from its unique architecture, is the chapel. This was founded in 1446, a period of exuberant ornament in church architecture, and this has a character of its own, one in which the genius of building and carving seems to have revelled in its most original mood.

The founder of Roslin Chapel was William de St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Lord of Roslin, in the castle of which he resided. He was a great man in his day, and so far as we can judge from his acts, was a man not only held in high estimation



ROSLIN CHAPEL, INTERIOR.

by his monarch, but one who had a mind far more liberal and judicious than his order and his rank were calculated to inspire. This is the account we find of him in Robertson's Index :— "As admiral of the fleet, he conveyed the Princess Margaret to France in 1436; he was Chancellor of Scotland from 1454 to 1458; he was made Earl of Caithness in 1455. In 1470 he resigned the earldom of Orkney to the king, and obtained in return various lands in Fife. Having, in 1459, settled the barony of Newburgh, in Aberdeenshire, on William, his only son by his first wife, Lady Margaret Douglas, he, in 1476, settled the barony of Roslin, and his other estates in Lothian, on Oliver St. Clair, his eldest son by his second marriage; and he transferred the earldom of Caithness to William, the second son of his second marriage. The eminent founder of Roslin Chapel died soon after this settlement, *which deranged his estates, and degraded his family.*"

What a singular derangement of his estates in this great Earl St. Clair, by dividing them amongst his sons, instead of heaping them, contrary to all the laws of nature and equity, on one! What a strange degradation of his family, by making them equal participants of his property! So pitiously do feudal institutions pervert the minds not only of possessors but of historians.

In erecting this chapel, Earl William seems to have exercised the same breadth and originality of mind; for he chose an architect of a brave and unique genius. Mr. Britton, in his "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain," thus expresses his perception of the fine and peculiar character of the style :— "This building, I believe, may be pronounced unique, and I am confident it will be found curious, elaborate, and singularly interesting. The chapels of King's College, St. George, and Henry VIII., are all conformable to the styles of the

respective ages when they were erected; and these styles display a gradual advancement in lightness and profusion of ornament; but the chapel of Roslin combines the solidity of the Norman with the minute decoration of the Tudor age. It is impossible to designate the architecture of this building by any given or familiar term; for the variety and eccentricity of its parts are not defined by any of common acceptation. I ask some of our obstinate antiquaries, how they could apply either the term Roman, Saxon, Norman, Gothic, Saracenic, English, or Grecian, to this building."

The founder intended to have erected it into a regular collegiate church, having a provost, six prebendaries, and two choristers, or singing boys, and he endowed it with lands and revenues befitting; but he died when he had only completed the nave, which is the present chapel, and it was used as the chapel to the castle. The hill on which he built it was called College Hill, and the people of the neighbourhood still call it the College. It stands on the northern bank of the Esk. "Some additions," says Chalmers in his "Account of North Britain," "were made to the endowment by succeeding Barons of Roslin. In 1523, Sir William St. Clair granted some lands in the vicinity of the chapel, for dwelling-houses and gardens, and other accommodations to the provost and prebendaries. In his charter, he mentions four altars in this chapel; one dedicated to St. Matthew, another to the Virgin, a third to St. Andrew, and a fourth to St. Peter. The commencement of the reformation by tumult, was the signal for violence and spoliation. The provost and prebendaries of Roslin felt the effects of this spirit. They were despoiled of their revenues; and in 1572, they were compelled to relinquish their whole property, which, indeed, had been withheld from them during many revolutionary years."

Beneath this chapel was the burial-place of the barons of Roslin; "so dry," says Slezer in 1693, "that the bodies at the end of eighty years were found in it entire." Ten barons had been buried there before the revolution; and of old, says Hay, "they were buried in their armour without any coffin. The first baron who was buried in a coffin was when the Duke of York, afterwards James II., was in Scotland. He and several antiquaries were opposed to his having a coffin, but the widow insisted on it, declaring it to be beggarly to be buried without. The chapel," continues Hay, "of which any nation may be proud, was defaced by the same ungoverned mob which pillaged the castle of Roslin, on the night of the 11th of December, 1688." The castle, after standing the shocks of the reformation and the revolution, was at length resigned to time and chance. The chapel was repaired in the last century by General St. Clair; and has since been renovated by his successors.

We may rejoice that, notwithstanding the assaults and perils through which this beautiful chapel has passed, in common with almost every ecclesiastical building in Scotland, it remains so entire as it does. It is a specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of Scotland that is without peer. Outside and inside it is a truly beautiful object. Its aisles on each side are supported by rows of pointed arches, of which the pillars are not more than eight feet high, with clustered shafts of a massiveness equalling the Saxon; and the arches themselves richly ornamented in successive corded bands, or spandrels. The capitals of the pillars are also elaborately carved in foliage intermingled with figures. One pillar has a renown of its own. It is called the *'prentice pillar*, the legend being that the apprentice of the architect executed this in his master's absence, and when he returned and saw its surpassing beauty,

he knocked out the lad's brains with his hammer. The figure of the 'prentice is pointed out on the top of another pillar, and not far off is a bust, said to be that of his mother, who is looking at his dead body and weeping. The pillar is of exquisite workmanship, being covered with the most delicate tracery, which runs spirally round it. Such a legend is not con-



ROSLIN : 'PRENTICE PILLAR.

fined to Roslin; there is a 'prentice pillar in one of the churches at Rouen, and of a similar nature is the legend of the celebrated astronomical clock in Strasburg Cathedral, that the inventor had no sooner completed it than the corporation had his eyes put out, that he might not make another like it.



On the pavement of the chapel is the outline of one of the barons, lying in effigy, with a greyhound at his feet. Nothing is more common than for some animal, the chief cognizance of the family, to be thus placed at the feet of knight or baron. "But in this case," says Robert Chambers, "it has given rise to a peculiar story, which is thus related to all visitors by the person who now shows the chapel. The person here delineated," he says, "is Sir William de St. Clair. He was one day hunting over Roslin Moor along with King Robert Bruce, when a white deer was started. Roslin wagered his head that his excellent hounds Hold and Help would seize the deer before it could cross the March Burn. It was just about to do so, without being seized, when Roslin's emergency made him at once pious and poetical. He vowed a chapel to St. Katherine, provided she would take his case in hand, and shouted out to the foremost of his dogs:—

‘Help, haud, an’ ye may,
Or Roslin will lose his head this day.’

Help, assisted by the saint, and encouraged by her master, made a desperate leap forward, and pulled down the deer just as it was about to leap upon land. The baron, too much terrified by the risk to enjoy the escape, immediately put his foot upon the dog's neck, and killed it, saying it should never again lead him into such temptation." It used to be a belief in the neighbourhood that, on the night before any of the barons died, the whole of the chapel appeared in flames. In 1805, the Marchioness of Stafford took some sketches of Roslin Chapel, which were etched in 1807, and circulated in a small volume amongst her friends.

Roslin Castle, overhanging the picturesque glen of the Esk, is, as we have said, a ruin, with a modern house built in the midst of it; but the three lower stories, being below the

level of the summit of the bank, are yet entire. A beautiful Scottish song, bearing its name, has connected its memory with the public mind, far and wide.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

[By Richard Hewitt, a native of Cumberland, who acted as conductor to Dr. Blacklock, the blind Scottish poet, and died in 1764. It is always included among the Scottish songs. The air is Scotch, and very beautiful.]

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nancy's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nancy rung,
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake and sing!
Awake and join the rural throng,
Who hail the morning with a song:
To Nancy raise the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O! hark, my love, on every spray
Each feathered warbler tunes his lay,
'Tis beauty fires the ravished throng,
And love inspires the melting song;
Then let my raptured notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nancy's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O! come, my love; thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls—O! come away!
Come while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine:
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravished breast of mine!

It would leave but a very imperfect idea of Roslin and its locality, did we omit to mention that near it stands Hawthornden, the house of the poet Drummond, the friend of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. We believe the place is still in the possession of a descendant of the family. It stands on a precipitous rock overhanging the south bank of the river. We cannot do better than transcribe the account of it given by Robert Chambers, in his "Picture of Scotland."

"Hawthornden may be described as a manor-house of the reign of Charles I., engrafted on the ruins of an ancient baronial castle. On one side its walls rise directly from the brink of a deep precipice ; on the other, they adjoin to a level and well-cultivated domain. The walks around the house are peculiarly fine, being chiefly laid throughout the beautiful vale of the Esk. Admission to them can only be obtained by an order from the proprietor.

"What must add greatly to the charm of Hawthornden, is, that the present house was built by the poet : as is testified by an inscription on the front. Many of the minor localities around the house are associated with his name ; as an arbour where he used to sit at his long daily musings, and a summer-house where he is said to have often taken his food. But perhaps the most interesting of all the neighbouring objects, is a large tree near the place where the external gate of the court-yard formerly stood—a tree which seems to have acted the part of the Covin tree. This Covin or Coglin tree stood in front of old mansion-houses in Scotland, and to it the host attended his guests bare-headed on their departure.

"Ben Jonson, it is generally known, walked all the way from London on foot to see Drummond at this his paternal residence. Regarding this visit, tradition records a circumstance so characteristic and so probable, that I can not but believe it

true. Drummond, it is said, on seeing Ben approaching the house, went out, like a good landlord, to the outside of his gate, in order to bid him welcome, according to form, under the shade of this tree. As he shook the dramatist by the hand, he exclaimed in mock-heroic style :—

“Welcome, welcome, royal Ben.”

To which Jonson immediately answered in such a way as to make up a Hudibrastic couplet :—

“Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden !”

“The two poets enjoyed the pleasure of each other’s conversation for a considerable time ; and the stranger will scarcely visit without considerable emotion the place where, in the words of Collins—

“Jonson sat in Drummond’s classic shade.”

“It is melancholy to add, that the visit of Jonson to Drummond resulted in a violent quarrel and estrangement. Jonson during his sojourn at Hawthornden, opened his heart to the poet, and talked freely of his contemporaries in London. All this was in the confidence of friendship, but it was greedily drunk in by Drummond, and daily or nightly carefully written down. Some time after, Jonson, to his great astonishment and indignation, found the whole given to the world by his treacherous host in his notorious ‘Conversations.’ The anger and reproaches of Ben were as pungent and unsparing as they were justly merited by the false country poet. We wish we could say that this habit of noting down confidential conversations, and *confiding* them to the whole world through the press, were confined to the time of Jonson and the laird of Hawthornden ; and that some ready penmen of the present day would be able to cast a stone at Drummond with a clear conscience.

“Several detached curiosities are shown to strangers in the inside of Hawthornden House: as, for instance, the walking-cane of the celebrated Dukes of Lauderdale, a stately old piece of timber with a pike at one end and a crook at the other, communicating—unless fancy has strangely deceived the present writer—a striking idea of the personal bearing of that most singular lady. There are also a number of family portraits, including a fine queen Mary.

“In the face of the precipice upon which Hawthornden is reared, the stranger, in traversing the glen, sees a number of holes. These are the orifices of a singular suite of caverns which penetrate the rock beneath the house. No stranger omits seeing this singular curiosity. In the court-yard he is first shown a well of prodigious depth, which communicates with the caves. He then descends a narrow stair to a long subterranean passage, on each side of which there are small apartments, much after the fashion of a suite of bed-rooms in an old house. Below this there is what may be called a lower story, which also contains rooms, and, the passage of which looks out upon the glen at one of the holes mentioned. The shaft of the well communicates with another end of this passage; so that the inmates of these caves could not only draw up their own water when they pleased, but also be supplied with food by their friends above, by means of a bucket.

“Without adverting to the circumstance that these caverns must have been originally formed by the early Britons, whose molelike preference of darkness to light in their fortified residences is a fact very well known to antiquaries; it may be mentioned that, by the invariable tradition of the country, they afforded shelter to the distressed friends of Bruce, if not to that hero himself, at a time when they dared not show their faces above-ground. In one of the apartments a recess is shown, which is said to have contained the bed used by the heroic

Edward Bruce, brother to the king, during his residence here. In the succeeding age they are said to have been used for the same purpose by Sir Alexander Ramsay, the knight who slew man and horse, and broke the pavement-stone in Candle-maker Row,—and by his hardy band of compatriots, who nightly sallied forth from this hiding-place to annoy their enemies, and who thus invariably escaped detection.”

The poetry of Drummond, though much praised in his time, is not of a character to please ours. Much of it consists of occasional verses “On a Parrot,” or “To his Mistress’s Eyebrow,” or, at least, verses of that stamp. Others are well worded, but destitute of living sentiment; while some are extremely obscene. In fact, the bulk of his compositions resemble a vast mass of others stored in our libraries, which would be better in bonfires to make room for better things. His poems of devotion, the best part of his writings, do not warm us: they will not do after Herbert, Cowper, Keble, and Montgomery. This sonnet is the only thing bearing any reference to Hawthornden, where he spent so much of his life, and wrote most of his verse:—

SONNET.

“Dear wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar I estrangèd live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace;
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my peace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun, progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling’s hoarse discords,
Sweet flowery place, I first did learn of thee:
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes’ stately courts.”

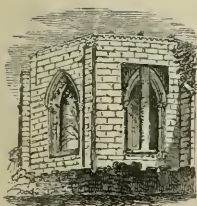
We are sorry to hear that there is a process of so-called renovating going on in this beautiful chapel, by sharpening up its sculptures. We must say that we prefer the original cutting, though it may be somewhat worn by time, and have a natural shrinking at the idea of touching up what we prefer seeing to be old, rather than to be vainly persuaded by modern chisels that it is new.



Elgin Cathedral.

Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin fought
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,
When mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

SOUTHEY.



HE ancient capital of Morayshire stretches along its level site a few miles from where the Spey falls into the ocean, in a grey and stately antiquity that speaks of better days. Changes of life and manners have led away the landed gentry to southern cities, and their old abodes stand, bearing on their venerable fronts their names, and the dates of their erection, but now devolved to more plebeian occupation. Changes of faith have also rent down that noble fane, once the noblest of all Scotland. The cathedral was originally built in the early part of the thirteenth century, a period at which arose so many of the ecclesiastical fabrics of both England and Scotland. But this first church was destroyed by fire in 1390, by one of the most rude and fierce of Scotland's old aristocracy. Alexander Stuart, the son of Robert II., king of Scotland, a man properly

called the Wolf of Badenoch, having a feud with Bishop Barr, burnt down the cathedral, the parish church, a religious house called *Maïson Dieu*, eighteen houses of the canons, and the greatest part of the city. He was compelled for this offence to do penance before the high altar of Blackfriars' Church at Perth: a very slight punishment for such an offence. The city did not recover its previous condition for a long time; and it was many years before the new cathedral was completed. The bishops devoted a third of their incomes to this object, and at length it stood a church of rare beauty and splendour. Its central tower was one hundred and ninety-eight feet high,



ELGIN CATHEDRAL; SOUTH AISLE.

and the present remains justify the character which it attained of being the finest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in the kingdom, Melrose not excepted. It exceeds that admired fabric in extent, in altitude, in general magnificence, and in richness of decoration. The remains of it at the present day are beheld by strangers with equal wonder and pleasure.

This fine cathedral, like nearly all in Scotland, fell, not by time, but by the fierce and bigoted spirit in which the reformation was introduced. In 1568, the privy council authorised the Earl of Huntley, the sheriff of Aberdeen, to strip the cathedral churches of Aberdeen and Elgin of their lead, and to sell it for the maintenance of the troops of the regent Murray. It is a curious fact that this plunder, like the lead stripped from the castle of Conway in Wales, was not destined to benefit the spoilers. As that was lost with the ship which was conveying it to Ireland, so this had scarcely left the harbour of Aberdeen for Holland, where it was to be sold, when the ship went down with it. The cathedral of Elgin, thus exposed to the elements, went gradually to decay, and in 1711 the great central tower fell.

Wordsworth speaking of such rude and selfish destruction of ancient churches from a probably just resentment against the evils and oppressions of a corrupted faith, says :—

“ As when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn,
To the blue ether and bespangled plain ;
Even so, in many a reconstructed fane,
Have the survivors of this storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude :
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance ;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear,

That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
May not the less, through heaven's mild countenance
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer ;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem."

But no such second resurrection awaited this superb old temple. The spirit of Genevan austerity, which came over with John Knox, allowed no revival of papal grandeur, but inaugurated a class of houses of devotion of a more rigid simplicity.

The parts of the dilapidated cathedral remaining most entire are, the east end, parts of the transepts, the chapter-house, and the western entrance, flanked by two stupendous towers. The workmanship of all these is of extraordinary richness and elaborateness. The western door is particularly fine, and the chapter-house will bear comparison with most of those generally elegant buildings. Many monuments remain and are now guarded with care. Some of the figures represent knights and barons lying in complete armour, and others are of bishops, of a colossal size. The surrounding area is the parish burial-ground, which is enclosed by a high wall, and kept shut up with the care so characteristic of the Scotch in their cemeteries.

Connected with the ruins of this cathedral is a history which is curious. The free school of the town, which provides clothing and maintenance for such children as cannot be supported by their parents, is a modern foundation. "It owes its origin," says Robert Chambers, in his "Picture of Scotland," "to a native of Elgin, who, having made a fortune abroad, devoted his honourable earnings to this honourable purpose. His name was Andrew Anderson, a major-general in the service of the East India Company; and there is something singular in his history. He contrived to raise himself from the

condition of a private foldier to that honourable rank, entirely by his own merits. He had no patrimony but genius and ambition ; there was something even below poverty in his origin. A small apartment is shown amid the ruins of the cathedral, where his mother, an indigent and infirm old widow, who could afford no better lodging, lived for many years while he was a



ELGIN CATHEDRAL : CHOIR.

boy ; and this I humbly conceive to be, in one sense, the greatest curiosity about Elgin. In a crib, not more than five feet square, surrounded by melancholy ruins, and the dread-inspiring precincts of a churchyard, Anderson spent all his early years ; the boy, who was on this account, perhaps, the

most wretched and despised of all the boys in the town, being all the time destined to reach superior honours, and make provision for numbers of such outcasts as himself. Let the stranger inquire for, enter, and ponder upon, this humble cradle of genius and greatness."



Holyrood Abbey and Palace.



THE abbey and palace of Holyrood, though connected and long alike used for royal purposes, are of very different dates and in very different conditions. The abbey is ancient, and is now reduced to the mere ruins of the nave of the church, which, as you face the palace, is joined to the posterior angle of that building on the left hand. The palace is still complete, yet it is of two very distinct dates. It is built round a quadrangle, the back and sides of which are comparatively modern, for in 1544 the palace was burnt down by the English. The front alone would seem to have escaped ; or, rather, only the double towers at each corner of the front. These have an antique look, being round, projecting, machicolated, battlemented, and surmounted by smaller lantern towers. The façade betwixt these is a plain Grecian screen of one story, having a central gateway surmounted by a dome. The other three sides of the quadrangle are of plain building, of two stories, and an attic, shown by its dormer-windows, all round.

These royal buildings are situated at the south-east of Edinburgh, and therefore, contrary to London, do not constitute a West-End. In fact, they are very much crowded upon by the worst part of the city, though surrounded by fine hills ; as Calton Hill on one side and Arthur's Seat in the old park on

the other. The abbey having been anciently a sanctuary, the vicinity of the palace has continued to this time a sanctuary for debtors, who are secure from the law within a certain circuit.

The abbey was founded by David I., who was famous for his piety, and, having been a resident at the court of Henry I. of England, had seen how much was there doing for the church by such foundations. It was built early in the twelfth century, and David sent to St. Andrew's for a number of canons regular to inhabit it. It soon became rich by successive endowments of lands and churches in different counties. In the ancient *Taxatio* the lands of this abbey, which was called Holyroofs or Holyrood, were valued at £88. The abbot and canons possessed equal privileges with the bishop of St. Andrews, or the abbots of Dunfermline or Kells. They were authorized to build a suburb adjoining Edinburgh, and hence arose the ancient Canongate, and the Girth-Crofs at the foot of the Canongate marked the limits of the sanctuary.

The following are the leading events connected with this religious house. It was plundered by Edward II.'s army when it retired from Lothian in August, 1332. Edward Baliol held his parliament in the abbey in February, 1333-4. The Duke of Lancaster in 1381 was hospitably entertained in the abbey while seeking refuge in Scotland. Richard II. in his furious inroad in Scotland in 1385, burnt it down. Henry IV. spared the abbey during his invasion in 1400, because his father had found refuge in it. The different Scottish kings, though residing chiefly in the castle perched on its noble rock at the other extremity of Edinburgh, frequently passed much time in the abbey. The queen of James I. of Scotland was delivered of twins in the abbey; and James II., one of these twins, was crowned in it in 1427. He was married in it in 1449 to Mary of Guelder, and he was buried in it in 1460. Thus James II.

was born, crowned, married, and buried in the abbey of Holyrood. James III., whenever he resided in Edinburgh, took up his quarters in the abbey. James IV. was the builder of the palace, for the Scottish monarchs seem greatly to have preferred its sheltered situation to the exposed one of the castle. This must have been not later than 1500, for here in 1503, he received



HOLYROOD ABBEY ; INTERIOR.

Margaret of England, and here they were married. In 1544, the abbey and palace were burnt by the English army : this, however, must have been with exception of the towers in front. From this time the abbey church seems to have become the chapel of the palace—a chaplain being maintained

by the king to officiate for the royal family. After the battle of Pinkie, September, 1547, Protector Somerset sent two commissioners, Boham and Chamberlayne, to suppress the monastery of Holyrood. They found the monks already fled, but they stripped the abbey of the lead, and carried off the two bells; one of which was afterwards hung in the chapel of the Cowgate, built for the English communion in 1771. The reformers in June 1559 further spoiled the abbey, and damaged the palace also. The unfortunate Queen Mary was married in the abbey church to Lord Darnley on the 29th of July, 1566; and on the 15th of May, 1567, she was again married to the Earl of Bothwell in the hall of the palace. Again, on the imprisonment of Mary in 1567, that is, in the same year as her second marriage, the Earl of Glencairn ransacked the chapel of Holyrood House. At the suppression of the abbey it enjoyed a greater revenue than any other religious house of the southern shires of Scotland. This revenue was in money £2,926 8s. 6d., besides one paid annually in kind, of thirty-six chalders ten bolls of wheat, forty chalders nine bolls of barley, thirty-four chalders sixteen bolls of oats, four chalders of meal, five hundred and one capons, twenty-four hens, twenty-four salmon, three swine, and ten loads of salt: a most magnificent revenue in Scotland at that period.

After the suppression of the monastery, the abbey church was used as the parish church of the Cowgate; but James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England,—the British Solomon,—sent workmen from London to repair and beautify it, but unfortunately he ordered the portraits of the apostles to be painted on the walls. At this the Genevan spirit of the Scotch reformers took fire; they declared that no “graven images” should be set up there, and James was advised by the dean of the chapel, the Bishop of Galloway, as he valued his peace to desist, which he

did, only lamenting that prejudice could not distinguish betwixt ornament and image. Charles II., after his restoration, appropriated the church of the abbey as the chapel royal; and had it handsomely fitted up for the sovereign and the knights of the Order of the Thistle, to whom the key of the church was consigned. He also erected an organ in it. The chapel was finally ruined at the revolution, by attempting to put a stone roof on it, which proved too heavy for the walls, and it fell, demolishing the whole interior. Since then it has remained a ruin. Charles II. also had the palace rebuilt by Sir William Bruce, and this is the date of the main portion of the building.

The chief events connected with the palace, besides those enumerated, belong to the reign of the unfortunate Mary. In her time the building of the palace was modern, and she occupied it during her short and troubled reign with much splendour. In it she witnessed some most dreadful and most miserable transactions, and the interest and romance of her sorrowful life are those which still more than all others envelope it.

For many ages the monarchs of England had been determined on the annexation of Scotland by arms, as they had annexed Wales and Ireland. But, disappointed in this, no sooner was James V. dead, leaving only a daughter, a week old, to succeed him, than Henry VIII. determined on securing the union of this kingdom by the marriage of this daughter with his son Edward. Events defeated his design; Mary was married to the French dauphin, and became Queen of France by her husband's accession to the crown as Francis II. During her abode in France, Scotland was governed by her mother, Mary of Guise, as queen-regent. But she had a terrible time of it; Scotland being repeatedly invaded by the

armies of Elizabeth of England ; and, still worfe, the whole of the Scotch nobles being bought up by her money. Henry VIII. had commenced this system when he had failed, by his arbitrary impatience, to secure the young queen for his son. He had invaded and ravaged the country to seize her, and afterwards to avenge himself for his failure. He then sent commissioners to Berwick to bribe the nobles, and instigated them to murder the cardinal Beaton, in order to put down the Catholic party, who were vehemently opposed to him as the great enemy of their church. The documents of his reign and of the succeeding reigns of his son and two daughters, which have been printed in our time by order of Parliament, have laid open to the world the whole of this system of murder and bribery by the Tudors ; and surely there is in history scarcely any other such revelation of horror and wickedness recorded by the hands of the actors themselves. We have the correspondence for the murder of Beaton with the nobles, who refused to do that detestable act, but only because they could not obtain a written order from the King for the commission of it ; Sir Ralph Saddler, Henry's commissioner of murder at Berwick, informing them that the king's honour must be saved. He then employed Norman Leslie, who executed it, and we have his letter informing Saddler that it was done, and asking what he should do next. Elizabeth maintained this system, and the whole of her dark transactions remain under the hands of her ministers Walsingham, Cecil, Randolph, Saddler, and others. Never surely had so wicked a queen a knot of such cold-blooded and desperately wicked ministers ! And yet how little could they be aware of the intense infamy of their conduct ; or they would have destroyed those proofs of it which have been brought forth from our national archives, and published by authority of government in our day.

By the system there revealed in incontrovertible and imperishable characters, Mary of Scotland, from the hour of her birth, was enveloped in a web of English policy and of Scotch treason, fine as a cobweb, but infrangible as a net of steel ! When she returned, a young and beautiful widow of seventeen, full of wit and knowledge and accomplishment, she came home into the midst of a nobility, not only rude and ferocious beyond any other in Europe, but all in the pay of Elizabeth of England. She came amongst a desperate set of traitors fed for her destruction, and the more prompt to it from being the greater part of them profelytes of Knox and of the Genevan faith,—a faith which had more of the old leaven of the vengeance of Judaism than of the love and mercy of Christ. It was in this palace of Holyrood that Mary was hunted down, bearded and insulted, by Knox, and her own base brother, the Earl of Murray ; by the steel-clad and steel-hearted nobles, Morton, Lethington, Ruthven, and the rest of them. Here it was that they incited her husband Darnley with jealous rage to assist them in murdering her secretary and musician, Rizzio, in her presence, in 1556. By them Bothwell was instigated to murder her husband, Earl Darnley, in February, 1567 ; and by their machinations Mary was carried off by Bothwell, and compelled to marry him in May of the same year. By these means the fame of Mary was irrevocably ruined with her people, and the ends of Elizabeth so far gained. The most audacious forgeries were committed by the English minister Cecil and his agents, both of state documents and of pretended love-letters of Mary to Bothwell. The details and proofs of these matters are too voluminous for these pages, but they stand broadly displayed in the official publication referred to. George Chalmers also, in his “Caledonia,” (vol. ii., quarto,) says, “When the heart and hand of forgery are busy in any age,

it is not easy to ascertain falsehood from truth. We see in Haynes the successive intimations of Cecil, while his artful mind was busily employed at Edinburgh, in carrying on a double negotiation, with whatever view of gratifying his passion for intrigue, or benefiting his fastidious mistress. What was given by the insurgent chiefs to Cecil, and by him after a while, or by his direction, was deposited in the Cotton Library, has long been published; and what has thus been obtruded on the world as genuine, and has been reprobated as spurious, need not be elaborately investigated, as the envoys had no power to negotiate with the insurgents." He adds, "The memory of Cecil also is chargeable with an additional offence of aggravated baseness:—by filling the archives of England with forgeries, he has contaminated the fountain-head of history." (P. 637.)

Whitaker, Tyler, and others, have exposed at large these dark transactions. By them Mary, hunted down into the toils of Elizabeth, and trusting to her honour and hospitality, entered her kingdom, only to be made the tenant of a dungeon for eighteen years, and then put to death. No time can wash away the fable stains of these crimes from the memory of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth, nor from the honour of England. No Froude can by any arts of sophistry wash these royal blackamoors white. It is worthy of remark that, according to the parliamentary history of Scotland, Mary, staunch Catholic as she was, has the honour of having, in the parliament of 1567, passed the very first act of religious toleration known in the Christian world. In the Parliamentary Record (p. 752,) we find that in April, 1567, "the queen, with the advice of the three Estates, repealed all former acts which imposed any penalty on the religion thus existing within her realm. And, with the advice of the three Estates, the queen

declared herself the head and protector of the church, in opposition *to all foreign authority*, power and jurisdiction, whether ecclesiastical or temporal."

"In this manner then," says Chalmers, (vol. ii., p. 657,) "do the Roman Catholic Mary Stuart, and the Parliament of April, 1567, enjoy the unrivalled honour of being the earliest legislators, within the British islands, who passed *an act of toleration*, upon the purest principles of indulgence to conscience, and regard to freedom." Keith (p. 379,) declares this act to be full and explicit, for the settlement of the new religion; and Robertson (vol. i., p. 382,) concurs with Keith. It is true that this act was as repugnant to the feelings of stern and bigoted reformers of the time, who detested toleration, as it could be to the most bigoted Catholics. What a contrast to the intolerance of Henry VIII. and of Queen Elizabeth, who would allow no one to avow opinions different to their own! However much Mary Stuart may have sinned in her conduct, there is no question that she was infinitely more sinned against, and that her liberality in point of toleration of opposing faiths stands in noble contrast with the spirit of her persecutors. It is these facts, looking forth from beneath the accumulated calumnies heaped upon her memory by the powerful court of England, and by the tongues and pens of the able but unprincipled men who surrounded the British queen, which give such a deathless freshness to the memory of the Queen of Scots, and cause such numbers to walk the chambers of the venerable Holyrood with sadly sympathizing souls.

The following poem, by Wordsworth, supposed to be uttered by Queen Mary in her captivity, is a fair exponent of the popular sentiment towards her:—

LAMENT OF
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

“ Smile of the moon ! for so I name
That silent greeting from above ;
A gentle flash of light that came
From her whom drooping captives love ;
Or art thou of still higher birth ?
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth
My torpor to reprove !

“ Bright boon of pitying heaven—alas !
I may not trust thy placid cheer !
Pondering that Time to-night will pass
The threshold of another year ;
For years to me are sad and dull ;
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

“ And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland’s rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone ;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrow lend
Tears due unto their own.

“ To-night, the church-tower bells will ring
Through these wide realms a festive peal ;
To the new year a welcoming ;
A tuneful offering for the weal
Of happy millions lulled in sleep ;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

“ Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low !
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show,
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields !
— It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

“ Yet how?—for I, if there be truth
 In the world's voice, was passing fair;
 And beauty for confiding youth
 Those shocks of passion can prepare,
 That kill the bloom before its time,
 And blanch without the owner's crime
 The most resplendent hair.

“ Unblest distinction! showered on me,
 To bind a lingering life in chains;
 All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
 Is gone; but not the subtle stains
 Fixed in the spirit; for even here
 Can I be proud that jealous fear
 Of what I was remains.

“ A woman rules my prison's key;
 A sister queen, against the bent
 Of law and holiest sympathy,
 Detains me—doubtful of th' event;
 Great God, who feel't for my distress,
 My thoughts are all that I possess,
 O keep them innocent!

“ Farewell desire of human aid,
 Which abject mortals vainly court,
 By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
 Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
 Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
 Is able to supply my loss,
 My burthen to support.”

Hark! the death-note of the year
 Sounded by the castle clock.
 From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
 Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;
 But oft the woods renewed their green,
 Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
 Reposed upon the block!

Since Holyrood Palace, by the Act of Union, has been made the place of meeting for the election of the noblemen who represent the peerage of Scotland in the Imperial Parliament, it has been, at different times, yet only for short periods, inhabited

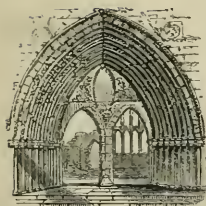
by the Duke of York, afterwards James II. ; by Prince Charles Stuart ; by the Duke of Cumberland ; by the King of France from 1795 to 1799 ; by George IV. on his visit to Edinburgh in 1822 ; and by Queen Victoria on her annual journeys to Balmoral in the Highlands. For this purpose a certain suite of rooms, on the south side of the quadrangle, is fitted up. The rooms on the north side, a hundred and fifty feet in length, contain a long series of portraits of the Scotch monarchs, most of which are as fictitious as they are miserable. Many of them, indeed, are of personages who existed before the pictorial art existed in Scotland. There is also an indifferent Queen of Scots. In the room where Rizzio was murdered, you are still shown the traditional stains of his blood ; and the apartments inhabited by Mary still contain furniture said to have been in use by her, as well as certain tapestry and embroidery, reported to be the work of herself and her ladies.



Melrose Abbey.

Summer was on thee—the meridian light—
And, as we wandered through thy columned aisles,
Decked all thy hoar magnificence with smiles,
Making the rugged soft, the gloomy bright ;
Nor was reflection from my heart apart,
As clomb our steps the lone and lofty stair,
Till gained the summit, ticked in silent air
Thine ancient clock, as 'twere thy throbbing heart :
Monastic grandeur and baronial pride
Subdued, the former half, the latter quite,
Pile of King David, to thine altar's site,
Full many a footstep guides and long shall guide ;
Where those are met, who met not save in fight,
And Douglas sleeps with Evers, side by side.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.



HE foundation of Melrose Abbey generally dates from 1136, when David I. of Scotland, amongst his many similar erections, built a church here. But Melrose, as a seat of religion, boasts a much earlier origin. It was one of those churches, or more properly missionary stations, which the fathers of Ireland and of Iona spread over Britain and the continent: one of those simple nuclei of the Christian faith, which were in the eleventh and twelfth centuries so industriously trodden under foot or rooted out by the domineering ambition of Rome. It was in fact a portion of that pure and beautiful British church

which existed prior to the Roman hierarchy in these islands, and of which the professors presented in their primitive habits and primitive doctrines so apostolic a character.

The way in which these apostles of Iona were introduced into this quarter is thus related by Venerable Bede:—"As soon as Oswald, the King of Northumberland, ascended the throne, being desirous that his nation should receive the Christian faith, whereof he had found happy experience in vanquishing the barbarians, he sent to the elders of the Scots (Irish), amongst whom himself and followers, when in banishment, had received the sacrament of baptism, desiring that they would send him a bishop, by whose instruction and ministry the English nation, which he governed, might be taught the advantages and receive the sacraments of the Christian faith. Nor were they slow in granting his request, but sent him Bishop Aidan, a man of singular meekness, piety, and moderation; zealous in the cause of God, though not according to knowledge, for he was wont to keep Easter Sunday according to the custom of his country, which we have before so often mentioned—from the fourteenth to the twentieth moon,—the northern province of the Scots, and all the nation of the Picts, celebrated Easter then after that manner, and believing that they were following the writings of the holy and praiseworthy Father Anatolius, the truth of which every skilful person can discern; but the Scots which dwelt in the south of Ireland had long since, by the admonition of the bishop of the Apostolic see, learned to observe Easter according to the canonical custom.

"On the arrival of the bishop, the king appointed him his episcopal see in the isle of Lindisfarn, as he desired, which place, as the tide flows and ebbs twice a-day, is enclosed by the waves of the sea like an island, and again twice in the day



MELROSE : FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

when the shore is left dry, become contiguous to the land. The king also, humbly and willingly in all cases giving ear to his admonishers, industriously applied himself to build and extend the Church of Christ in his kingdom, wherein, when the bishop, not being skilful in the English tongue, preached the gospel, it was most delightful to see the king himself interpreting the Word of God to his commanders and ministry, for he had perfectly learned the language of the Scots during his long banishment. From that time many of the Scots came daily into Britain, and with great devotion preached the Word

to those provinces of the English over which King Oswald reigned, and those amongst them who had received priests' orders, and ministered to them the grace of baptism. Churches were built in several places; and the people flocked joyfully together to hear the Word: money and lands were given of the king's bounty to build monasteries; the English, great and small, were by their Scottish masters instructed in the rules and observances of regular discipline, for most of them that came to preach were monks. Bishop Aidan was himself a monk of the island of Hii (the ancient name of Iona), whose monastery was for a long time the chief of most of those of the northern Scots, and of all those of the Picts, and had the direction of their people. That island belongs to Britain, being divided from it by a small arm of the sea; but had been long since given by the Picts, who inhabit those parts of Britain, to the Scottish monks, because they had received the faith of Christ through their preaching."

We are likewise told a very interesting fact regarding the coming of Aidan to Northumberland. At first, in accordance with the request of King Oswald, Corman, a pious but austere monk, had been sent. He soon returned dispirited to Iona, saying, "The people to whom you sent me are so obstinate that we must renounce all idea of changing their manners." As Aidan heard this, he said to himself, "O my Saviour! if thy love had been offered to this people, many hearts could have been touched. I will go and make thee known,—Thee who broke not the bruised reed." Then turning to Corman, he said, "Brother, you have been too severe towards hearers so dull of heart. You should have given them spiritual milk to drink until they were able to receive more solid food." All eyes were fixed on the man who spoke so wisely. The

brethren of Iona exclaimed, "Aidan is worthy of the episcopate!" And accordingly he was consecrated by the laying on of the hands of the elders, and sent forth.

"From Lindisfarn," says Bede, "Aidan travelled all around to spread the gospel. He was wont to traverse both town and country on foot. The king gave him a fine horse,—he soon gave it to a man in great need of one." Such is the testimony of Bede to a teacher of doctrines opposed to his own. One of the first churches planted must have been Melrose; for Aidan only arrived in Northumberland in 635, and sixteen years afterwards there was a religious house there. The Iona apostles continued bishops of Lindisfarn till 664, during which time Finan and Colman had succeeded Aidan. In Colman's time popery had reared a determined and successful champion in Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, who was favoured by Oswy, who had now succeeded King Oswald. In that year (664) a grand conference was held at Whitby on the subject of the differences of the two churches. On the one side stood Colman, with the bishops and elders of the Britons; on the other Bishops Wilfrid and Agilbert, with many other priests and abbots, Hilda, abbess of Whitby, and Cedder, an English bishop who had gone over to Rome. The decision was adverse to the Iona creed, and rather than renounce it Colman and his brethren returned to Iona. The question was not merely regarding the keeping of Easter and the peculiar shape of the tonsure, but the supremacy of Rome, which the Irish clergy would not admit.

At this time we find that Eata,—one of twelve boys whom Aidan had selected from the English, and had educated for clergymen,—was Abbot of Melrose. He was willing to conform, and was appointed to succeed Colman as Bishop of Lindisfarn. The Abbey of Melrose thus fell under Roman rule, but it

continued a simple structure so long as it remained a part of the kingdom of Northumberland. In 1020 the boundaries of Scotland were stretched from the Tweed to the Cheviots, and the part of Northumberland now called Roxburghshire became part and parcel of Scotland. In course of time the establishment at Melrose declined, the house became ruinous, and the abbey was granted to the monks of Coldingham during those religious times when the monks had much to ask, and the king and barons much to give. A hamlet, now called Old Melrose, still marks the site of the ancient house.

In 1136 the pious David raised a new and much superior abbey, about two miles westward of the original site, but on the same south bank of the Tweed, and established in it the Cistercians. He conferred on them extensive lands and privileges; the lands of Melros, Eldun, and Dernwie; the lands and wood of Gattonside, with the fishings of the Tweed along the whole extent of those lands; with the right of pasturage and pannage in his forests of Selkirk and Traguair, and in the forest between the Gala and the Leeder, with wood from those forests for building and burning. In 1192 Jocelin, Bishop of Glasgow, granted to the monks of Melrose the church of Haffindean, with its lands, tithes, and other emoluments, "*ad susceptionum pauperum et peregrinorum ad donum de Melros venientem.*" From this cause the old tower of Haffindean was called "Monks' Tower," and the farm adjoining the church is still called "Monks' Croft." In fact, the Abbey of Melrose was a sort of inn, not only to the poor, but to some of the greatest men of the time. The Scottish kings from time to time, and wealthy subjects too, added fresh grants; so that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries they had accumulated vast possessions and immunities; had many tenants, great husbandmen, with many granges and numerous herds. They had much

other property in Ayrshire, Dumfries-shire, Selkirkshire, and Berwickshire.

But the abbey church which David built was not that of which we have now the remains. The whole place was repeatedly burnt down by the English invaders. In 1215 the rebellious barons of King John of England swore fealty to Alexander II. of Scotland, at the altar of Melrose. Edward I., in 1295-6, when at Berwick, granted the monks of Melrose restitution of the lands of which they had been deprived; but in 1322 Edward II. burnt down the abbey and killed the abbot William de Peeblis, and several of his monks. Robert I., of Scotland, in 1326, or four years afterwards, gave £2,000, sterling to rebuild it; and Edward III., of England, came from Newcastle at Christmas, 1341, and held his yule in the abbey, and made restitution of the lands and other property which his father had seized during the late war. In 1378 Richard II. granted a protection to the abbot and his lands, but in 1385 he burnt down Melrose and other religious houses on his expedition into Scotland. Robert Bruce, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, granted a revenue to restore the abbey, and betwixt this period and the Reformation arose the splendid structure, the ruins of which yet charm every eye. It is in the highest style of the Decorated order, every portion is full of work of the most exquisite character, occasionally mingled with the Perpendicular. They are only the ruins of the church which remain, and they present the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and sculpture that Scotland possesses. One of Scotland's most discriminating writers says, "To say that Melrose is beautiful, is to say nothing. It is exquisitely—splendidly lovely. It is an object possessed of infinite grace and unmeasurable charm; it is fine in its general aspect, and in its minutest details. It is a study—a glory." The church is two

hundred and eighty-seven feet in length, and at the greatest breadth one hundred and fifty-seven feet. The west is wholly ruined ; but the great eastern window remains, and one above the southern door, which are extremely fine. The pillars that yet remain to support the roof are of singular grace, and wherever you turn you behold objects that rivet the attention by their



MELROSE : THE NAVE.

richness of sculpture, though often only in fragments. The only wonder is that so much has escaped the numberless assaults of enemies. During the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, the abbey was continually suffering from their inroads, in which the spirit of vengeance against

the Scots who resisted their schemes of aggression was mixed strongly with that of enmity to popery. In the year 1545, it was twice burnt and ransacked by the English, first under Sir Ralph Eyre and Sir Bryan Layton, and again by the Earl of Hertford. At the Reformation, when all its lands and immunities were invested in the Crown, they were valued at £1,758 Scots, besides large contributions in kind. Amongst them, in addition to much corn, was one hundred and five stones of butter, ten dozens of capons, twenty-six dozens of poultry, three hundred and seventy-six moor-fowl, three hundred and forty loads of peats, etc. Queen Mary granted Melrose and its lands and tithes to Bothwell, but they were forfeited on his attainder. They then passed to a Douglas, and afterwards to Sir James Ramsay, who rescued James VI. in the conspiracy of Gowrie; then to Sir Thomas Hamilton in 1619, who was made Earl of Melrose, and afterwards Earl of Haddington. About a century ago they became the property of the family of Buccleuch, in which they remain. The Douglas built himself a house out of the ruins which may still be seen about fifty yards to the north of the church. The ruins are preserved with great care, and are shown by a family which is at once intelligent and courteous. The person going round most generally, points out the shattered remains of thirteen figures at the great eastern window, in their niches, said to have been those of our Saviour and his Apostles. They were broken to pieces by a fanatic weaver of Gattonside. A head is also pointed out, said to be that of Michael Scott, the magician, who exerted his power so wonderfully, according to tradition, in this neighbourhood, as to split the Eildon Hill into three parts.

Much as they have been hackneyed, we cannot omit the

lines of Scott, on Melrose, from his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," as they are so especially descriptive:—

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it in the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightfome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are dark in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttrefs and buttrefs alternately
Seem framed in ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave.
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty, light and small;
The key-stone that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quartre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim,
And the pillars with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and capital furnished around,
Seemed bundles of lances with garlands bound.

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined:
Then wouldst thou have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

The name of Melrose is clearly derived from the Ancient British, Mellros, the *projection of the meadow*. Moel in Welsh and Maol in Irish signify something bald, naked, bare. Thus Maol-Ros, in the language of the Irish monks who first built a church here, would signify the naked promontory. Moel in Welsh is now usually applied to a smooth mountain, as Moel-Siabod: and we find Ros continually showing its Celtic origin where there is a promontory, as Ros on the Moray-frith, and Ros in Herefordshire from a winding of the Wye. But some old sculptor, on a stone still preserved in the village, has made a punning derivation for it, by carving a *mell*, or mallet, and a rose over it. This stone was part of a wall of the old prison, long since pulled down.

The site of Melrose, like all monastic ones, is fine. The abbey stands on a broad level near the Tweed, but is surrounded by hills and fields full of beauty, and peopled with a thousand beings of romance, tradition, and poetry. South of the village rise the three peaks of the Eildon hill, bearing aloft the fame of Michael Scott and Thomas the Rhymer. On the banks of the Tweed, opposite to Melrose, lies Gattonside, buried in its gardens and orchards, and still retaining its faith in many a story of the supernatural; and about three miles westward, on the same bank of the river, stands Abbotsford, raised by a magician more mighty than Michael Scott. How is it possible to approach that haunted abode without meeting on the way the most wonderful troop of wild and lofty and beautiful beings, that ever peopled earth or the realm of imagination? Scotch, English, Gallic, Indian, Syriani come forth to meet you. The Bruce, the Scottish Jameses, Cœur de Lion, Elizabeth, Leicester, Mary of Scots, James I. of England, Montrose, Claverhouse, Cumberland the Butcher. The Covenanters are ready to preach and fight anew,

the Highland clans rise in aid of the Stuart. What women of dazzling beauty—Flora M'Ivor, Rose Bradwardine, Rebecca the noble Jewess, Lucy Ashton, and Amy Robsart, the lovely Effie Deans, and her homely yet glorious sister Jenny, the bewitching Die Vernon, and Minna and Brenda Troil, of the northern isles, stand radiant amid a host of lesser beauties. Then comes Rob Roy, the Robin Hood of the hills; then Balfour of Burley issues, a stalwart apparition, from his hiding-places, and of infinite humour and strangeness of aspect. Where is there a band like this—the Baron of Bradwardine, Dominic Sampson, Meg Merrilies, Monkbarns, Edie Ochiltree, Old Mortality, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Andrew Fairservice, Caleb Balderstone, Flibbertigibbet, Norna of the Fitful Head, and that fine fellow the farmer of Liddesdale, with all his Peppers and Mustards yaffling at his heels? But not even out of Melrose need you move a step to find the name of a faithful servant of Sir Walter. Tom Purdie lies in Melrose Abbey-yard, and Scott himself had engraven on his tomb that he was “the Wood-forester of Abbotsford,” probably the title which Tom gave himself. Those who visit Melrose will like to take a peep at the gravestone of Tom Purdie, who sleeps amid a long line of the dead, reaching from the days of Aidan to our own, as alive he filled a little niche in the regards of a master who has given to both high and low so many niches in the temple of immortality.

ABBOTSFORD.

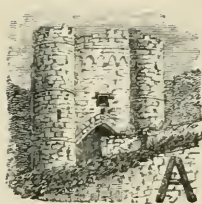
The calm of evening o'er the dark pine wood,
Lay with an aureate glow as we explored
Thy classic precincts, hallowed Abbotsford!
And at thy porch in admiration stood:

We felt thou wert the work, the abode of him
Whose fame had shed a lustre on our age ;
The mightiest of the mighty, o'er whose page
Thousands shall hang until Time's eye grow dim ;—
And then we thought, when shall have passed away
The millions now pursuing life's career,
And Scott himself is dust,—how, lingering here,
Pilgrims from all the lands of earth shall stray
Amid thy massive ruins, and survey,
The scenes around with reverential fear !

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.



Carisbrooke Castle.



ABOUT a mile west of Newport, the remains of this ancient castle stand on a steep, circular, and apparently artificial hill. This knoll was probably raised by the ancient British on the summit of a range of chalk hills, which command an extensive view. No remains of those early times appear to exist. The keep at the north-east angle standing on a mound considerably higher than the other buildings, and which is of a multangular form, has been ascribed to the Saxons, who had a castle here, but probably it only stands on the site of the Saxon keep. In the sixth century it is stated to have been a place of great strength, and to have had a well in the interior no less than three hundred and ten feet deep, which has since been filled up, there being another in the castle-yard of nearly the same depth. The old castle covered less than two acres of ground, but, from successive additions, especially in the reign of Elizabeth, its remains cover about twenty acres.

The approach to the castle is by a gateway leading to a second. The smaller external gate was built by Queen Elizabeth: her initials and the date, 1598, appearing upon it. With the exception of this gate, the additions of Elizabeth appear to have been confined to the outer wall, which she enlarged so as to comprehend its present extent; and to the domestic buildings, none of which appear older than her time. Amongst these



CARISBROOKE ; GATEWAY.

latter are shown part of the chapel in which Charles I. was confined, with the window through which he attempted to escape.

The most modern building of the whole is the chapel of St. Nicholas, rebuilt on the site of a more ancient one, by George II., in 1738. In this chapel the mayor of Newport and the high constables are still sworn into office, either by the governor of the island or his deputy.

Advancing through the first and smaller gate, you behold the second and much grander one, flanked by two noble round towers. This was probably built by Lord Woodville, in the

reign of Edward IV., for his arms are yet visible upon it. This aspect of the castle is extremely picturesque. The gateway is strikingly impressive, and the mouldering battlements, hung with luxuriant ivy, give to it the solemnity of ruin. At the south-east angle of the castle is an ancient tower, called Montjoy's, the walls of which are in some places eighteen inches thick. But no part of the ancient remains is supposed to be of a higher date than the Norman period, erected by William Fitz-Osborne, its first Norman lord, and his immediate successors. Considerable additions were made in the reign of Henry I.

The buildings erected for the accommodation of the governor of the island, when he chooses or has occasion to reside here, are extensive, but by no means magnificent; nor particularly cheerful, having only one window which looks out beyond the enclosure of the castle, or gives any view of the extensive but somewhat naked landscape which the castle commands. In fact, one of the most striking features of the Isle of Wight at the present day is its absence of wood. It is girdled by woodlands round its coasts, but its interior is one monotonous scene of undulating and neatly cultivated land—a land almost without a tree. The name of Carisbrooke has been variously derived from Whitgara-burgh, the town of Whitgara, a Saxon chief, and from Caer, the old British name for a stronghold, and brook, referring to the brook in the valley below. Neither of these appear to us very satisfactory. More probably the Whitgara was but a corruption of Hvitgård, the Scandinavian for white residence; and Carisbrooke comes from the Saxons having added their burg to the British caer, though meaning the same thing, a castle or fort; and the burg, as in Germany, being gradually corrupted into bruck, as in Osnabruck, Innsbruck; and so to brooke, Caerbruck, and thence to Carisbrooke.

The well in the castle-yard is, with much probability, ascribed to the Romans. They are known to have had possession of the island in the reign of the emperor Claudius ; and the work is like one of their bold undertakings. The water is drawn up by means of a large wheel, within which an ass treads, and thus produces a rotatory motion. It is, in fact, an asinine treadmill. Yet these animals seem to enjoy a wonderful longevity in their Gibeonite office. They are always set to work to fetch up water for the amusement of visitors ; a lighted candle or lamp being also let down to show the immense depth. Formerly the visitors used to drop pins down ; but this is now properly prohibited, as likely to injure the quality of the water. One of the asses, we are told, performed the office of turning the wheel for *forty-five* years, and another for *twenty-eight*.

The inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Newport appear to be allowed by the governor of Carisbrooke Castle to celebrate some of their social festivities in the hall there. At a late visit by a friend of ours, women were scrubbing the floor, and persons putting up flags, in preparation for the annual banquet of an Odd Fellows' Lodge : whilst at the same time tents were erected within the ruins, and the gaieties of a flower-show were proceeding.

In the grounds of the neighbouring vicarage, in 1859, the foundations of a Roman villa were discovered, with a beautiful tessellated pavement, which are now shown. In the neighbourhood are also vestiges of an ancient priory. Carisbrooke has the reputation of being the only ancient fortress ever erected in the island.

But the circumstance which gives its chief interest to the castle is the fact of the confinement of Charles I. there by the Parliament, from November 1647, to September of the fol-

lowing year. The circumstances which led him thither have occasioned, perhaps, as much controversy as any historical event of that troubled age. Clarendon—who is supposed not to have liked John Ashburnham, who principally induced Charles to seek refuge in the Isle of Wight, because he was more in the confidence of the king than himself—has given an account of the flight of the king, which, though confused and inconsistent in itself, seems nearly, if not entirely, to accuse Ashburnham and Berkeley, who accompanied Charles with Major Legg, of treason to their master. Both Ashburnham and Berkeley have written narratives of the transaction, and Clarendon states distinctly that he had carefully read and considered those narratives before he composed his “History of the Rebellion,” and yet he makes various statements unwarranted by either.

Charles was at Hampton Court, and the Parliamentary army was encamped on Putney Heath. He was under the surveillance of the army: and had been in active correspondence with the leading officers of it, endeavouring to come to terms of agreement for his restoration. Cromwell and his son-in-law, Ireton, appeared at that time quite earnestly to desire his restoration: and conditions were submitted to Charles by what were termed the adjutators, or “agitators,” of the army. The king could not bring himself to accept them. Jealousies sprang up amongst the officers; some of them thinking Cromwell and Ireton too much disposed to allow Charles to recover the crown on terms advantageous to themselves and dangerous to the rest. The levelling part of the adjutators declared, or were said to declare, that they would seize on Charles, and, if he did not accord with their desires, would kill him. Such were the circumstances when Charles suddenly escaped in the night with Sir John Berkeley, Mr. John Ashburnham, and Mr. William Legg, gentlemen in attendance on him, but who had lately been

removed by order of the parliament. They accompanied him to Titchfield, a seat of the Earl of Southampton, and Ashburnham and Berkeley were sent thence to seek an interview with Colonel Hammond, the governor of the Isle of Wight, which ended in Charles's reception by the governor, and his subsequent imprisonment and delivery to the parliament.

Clarendon says that there is no clear statement in the narratives of his two attendants "of any probable inducement to prevail with the king to undertake the journey," and that he had sought in these narratives, in vain, what the motives might be which led to so fatal a result.—"That when they set off the king had certainly no intention of going to the Isle of Wight."—That on the road he asked Ashburnham "where the ship was?" And he blames this gentleman extremely for not having procured a ship after having engaged to do so. All these are very strange assertions, as every one who examines those narratives must perceive. The motives which led Charles to think of the Isle of Wight are all clearly detailed by Ashburnham: no ship is mentioned in Berkeley's relation, except that the king said he had heard that *he* had one at Portsmouth; to which Sir John replied that the whole was a fable and an impossibility, because he had not a penny to procure one with. In Ashburnham's narrative, he himself gives as a reason for Charles's concealment in the Isle of Wight, that, as he was in treaty with the Scots, it would be fatal to leave England altogether, and that, if he desired it, it would require some time to procure a ship. No question on the journey was asked by Charles, of Ashburnham, "Where is the ship?" because he knew very well from Berkeley that there was none. The whole scheme of the flight had been duly discussed, and was understood by the whole party before setting out. Yet on such grounds does Clarendon say,

“He not being sure of a ship, if the resolution were fixed for embarking, which was never manifest—the making choice of the Isle of Wight, and of Hammond to be trusted, since nothing fell out which was not reasonably to be foreseen and expected—and the bringing him to Titchfield, without the permission of the king, if not directly contrary to it—seemed to be all so far from a rational design and conduct, that most men did believe that there was treason in the contrivance,” etc.

Now, the whole story is very simple and clear in the narratives of these gentlemen ; and, with the exception of letting Hammond know that Charles was near, and allowing him to go with them to him, which was very foolish, is far from any blame on their part. The fact was, as stated, that Charles was afraid of his person being seized by the adjutators, and therefore determined to get away. But, as he was in treaty with the Scots, he distinctly declared that he would not leave England altogether. Under these circumstances, Ashburnham, who was greatly trusted by Charles, and acted as his treasurer, recommended that he should seek concealment at the house of Sir John Oglander, in the Isle of Wight. He might then learn how Colonel Hammond, the governor, was affected towards him, who had lately professed himself extremely well affected, and, in the meantime, he would be out of the way of the adjutators. The king freely accepted this scheme : and at nine o'clock on the evening of the 10th of November, he being supposed to be gone to bed, slipped out ; and Legg, Ashburnham, and Berkeley, received him at a postern-door in the garden at Hampton Court, where they all mounted and rode away. They went first to Oatlands through the forest, got lost in the dark, came to Sutton, where a servant was waiting for them, and, finding a Parliamentary committee sitting in the house, did not go in to breakfast, but rode on towards Southampton. On the way Charles said he would

not go direct to the island, but would stop at Titchfield—the house of the Earl of Southampton, where the Earl's mother was staying—whilst Ashburnham and Berkeley went over and founded the governor. This was done; and here occurs the only discrepancy of any moment in the accounts of the narrators. Ashburnham says that Berkeley weakly let it out that the king was not far off, and was coming to the island to throw himself on the protection of the governor; and Berkeley says that it was Ashburnham who did this. Unfortunately it was done, and Hammond, who was a great friend of Cromwell's, was thrown into violent agitation at the predicament into which he was thrown between his regard for the king and his honour as the officer of the parliament. But he pledged himself to deserve the king's confidence, as a man of honour and honesty. He entreated that he might accompany them to bring in the king; and, though they at first objected, they were again weak enough to comply. When they arrived at Titchfield, accompanied also by Basket, governor of Cowes, and Ashburnham went up to the king, and told him what they had done, Charles exclaimed that they had undone him, and that he felt convinced that, in spite of what the governor had pledged, he would make him a prisoner. Ashburnham replied, that this should not be the case: if the king declined to go, they were strong enough, and he would soon dispose of the governor and his companion, the governor of Cowes. But this disposing of by dispatching—which was what Ashburnham meant—Charles would not consent to. He took a fresh pledge from Hammond, and went with him.

The upshot was certain. No sooner did the parliament learn where the fugitive monarch was, than they ordered Hammond to keep him fast: and he did so. Charles's three attendants were dismissed, and a strict guard was kept over him. But his three faithful followers did not desert him. They

contrived to correspond with him, and a plan was laid for his escape to France to join the queen. He wrote a letter to Henrietta, desiring her to send a vessel for him, which was done. The vessel lay at Southampton as a merchant vessel with French commodities for sale. But the winds proved contrary, and before they changed, Charles was not allowed to ride out as he had been, but was confined to the walls of the castle. It was then agreed that he should at night escape out of his window, and horses were in secret waiting to convey him to Osborne, and so to Cowes, and over to Southampton to the queen's ship. Charles had found that he could pass his head through the window, and he thence concluded from a popular saw that where the head could pass the body could follow. But in this, as in all his affairs, poor Charles had put his head through the wrong way, that is, with the face foremost, and not sideways, in which the head being longer is the best. He had for years been trying to draw his body through the British constitution, because he thought he had got his head through it; yet he had signally failed. And so it proved in this case: he had to send word the next morning to his friends, that, though he had got his head through, he could not get his body through, and after much straining had got back again, though he had for some time stuck quite fast.

The attempt got wind. In fact, Cromwell wrote to Hammond that the committee at Derby House had full information regarding it; and accordingly, not only was the king more strictly watched, but his three followers, now Ashburnham, Legg, and Levett, were seized and conveyed separately to Arundel, Warwick, and Wallingford castles. After a time, Ashburnham was liberated, and ordered to keep himself at his own house in Suffex, and not to go nearer to London. Notwithstanding, he still maintained a correspondence with Charles, and engaged in other schemes to effect his escape once again

from the Isle of Wight, and once from St. James's in London. He was called upon to compound for his own liberty by the sacrifice of half his estate, and was pursued by incessant actions for £40,000, for which he had made himself responsible to different creditors whilst private treasurer to the king. As for the king himself, history has made us all familiar with his



CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

melancholy story. His enemies found a wider window for him at Whitehall than he found for himself at Carisbrooke, through which he escaped from them into the great liberty of the invisible.

After Charles's death, Carisbrooke was made the place of

detention of his children, and there is a touching story of one of them connected with the place.

After the death of Charles I., Carisbrooke became the place of confinement of two of his children, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and the princess Elizabeth. Charles and James were on the continent, as well as the infant princess Henrietta, who was with her mother in Paris. As if to add to the unhappiness of these children, they were on the execution of their father removed from London to Carisbrooke, the scene of his former imprisonment. Elizabeth was about thirteen years of age, Henry about eight. The parliament had talked of putting Elizabeth apprentice to a button-maker, and Henry to a shoemaker. Henry was not of an age to feel much their situation; but Elizabeth is described by Père Gamache as a princess of a high and courageous spirit, possessing a proud consciousness of the grandeur of her birth and descent. Meditating in her solitude on the calamities of her father, and the fall of her house, she sank into a slow and fatal fever. When she found herself ill, she refused to take medicine. She expired alone, sitting in her apartments at Carisbrooke, her fair cheek resting on the Bible, the last gift of her father, and which had been her only consolation during the concluding months of her life. She died on the eighth of September, 1650, in her fifteenth year: and was obscurely buried at Newport on the twenty-fourth of the same month. "All the royal family," says Père Gamache, "considering her great talents and charms of person, had reckoned on her as a means of forming some high alliance, which would better their fortunes."



Rievaulx Abbey.



IN the old "Magna Britannia" the origin of the founding of this famous abbey is thus quaintly given. "A monastery of Cistercian monks was built at Rievaulx by Walter Espec, a great man in the court of Henry I., upon this occasion. In his youth he had married a certain lady, named Adeline, and had by her a son, named Walter, a comely person, and the joy of his heart. This his son took much delight in swift horses, which at a time spurring to run past his strength, occasioned him to stumble and fall, whereby he broke his neck, to the great grief of his famous father. By this misfortune Walter, the father, who had acquired a great estate by his several public employments,—namely, a general in war and a justice itinerant in peace,—was deprived of an heir, and was at some loss how to dispose of it, till by consultation with his uncle, William Espec, then rector of Garton, he was advised to make Christ his heir of part of it at least; as he accordingly did, by building and endowing a monastery here, at Kirkham, as is before observed, and at Waxdon, in Bedfordshire. The rest of his estates he left to his three sisters, of whom Adeline, who married Peter de Ros, had the patronage of this house. This priory was furnished with monks at first sent by St. Bernard, Abbot of Clarevallis."

Dugdale says that Walter Espec became a monk in his own

priory, and was buried in it in 1153. So also Peter de Ros, who married his sister Adeline. Many were the benefactors to this monastery, and it received large estates and privileges. At the dissolution, Richard Blyton, lord abbot, and twenty-three monks, surrendered the foundation to the commissioners of Henry VIII., and had a hundred marks assigned him, per annum, for his life. The net resources of the house were valued at £278 10s. 2d.

“Aelred, who was abbot in 1140,” says Dugdale, “was an, if not the only, eminent person in his house for piety, learning, and all the virtues of a monastic life:” which is not saying much for the piety and learning of Rievaulx. Aelred, we are told, became so famous for his abilities and good qualities, that David, king of Scotland, invited him to go there, but he refused all worldly honours, refused even to be made a bishop, and gave himself up to contemplation and preaching. “He imitated St. Bernard in all his actions, being mild, modest, humble, pious, chaste and temperate, and wonderfully for peace.” Yet he must have been tolerably industrious, for “he hath written many books of history, piety, and divinity, namely: The Lives of King Edward the Confessor, and some other kings of England, in verse and prose, of David, king, and Margaret, queen of Scotland, and St. Ninian, bishop; of miracles in general, and of those of the Church of St. Hagulfstadt in particular, with the state of the same; Chronicles from Aidan; and the Wars of the Standard; of the foundation of St. Margaret’s of York, and of Fountains; several homilies and sermons.”

Yet Dugdale, seeming to recollect himself, tells us that Walter Daniel, a monk of this house, was his disciple, and equalled him in some things, and surpassed him in others. He, too, wrote many things, and on many subjects, as of the conception

and virginity of St. Mary; of true friendship; of the burden of the Beast of the South; a hundred homilies; and many volumes on the words "HE WAS SENT," etc. All this valuable literature, and much more, we are told, was dispersed, if not wholly lost, at the dissolution.

Walter Espec, the founder of Rievaulx, is described as a man of gigantic size and of eminent bravery, and as one of the chief commanders in the battle of the Standard. He only lived about two years after retiring to this monastery. His gifts to the monks seem to have been most lordly. His mansion at Kirkham he gave up, and it was converted into a priory. Probably he abandoned this noble mansion because it was near it, on the way to Frithly, that his son was killed by his horse stumbling near a stone cross. The estates given up there appear to have been large, according to the catalogue of them; and he endowed the priory with seven churches and their impropriations, three of them in Northumberland. On the contrary, this abbey of Rievaulx, though it had extensive lands, with pasturage for four thousand sheep and cattle, besides free warren and other privileges, did not possess one church or chapel besides the church of the abbey itself.

When the abbey was first established in the twelfth century, the country all around it was a wild wilderness of almost unbroken woods, abounding with animals, but with very few men. One William came there with his little company of monks, and set about at once to erect a monastery, which probably was small and rude. These monks were of the Cistercian order, and the abbey, like all their houses, was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The habit of this order was a white robe of the nature of a cassock, with a black scapular and a hood, and they had a girdle of woollen cord. In the choir they had a white cowl, and over it a hood, with a rochet

hanging down before to the waist, and in a point behind to the calf of the leg; and when they went abroad they wore a cowl and a hood, all black, which was also the choir habit. Their discipline was extremely severe, abounding in vigils day and night.

Any one standing on the fine terrace called Duncombe-terrace, which looks down upon the abbey, may form an idea of the almost frightful solitude and savageness of the place in the early days of the establishment. Grainge, in his "Castles and Abbeys of Yorkshire," says:—"The ruins of the abbey are situate in a deep, narrow valley, near the Rye, a rapid mountain-stream flowing from the picturesque valley of Bilsdale, and the bleak moors of Snilesworth. In the immediate neighbourhood of the ruins, half a dozen lateral valleys open out their sides, and pour their babbling brooks into the Rye, thus presenting great variety of scenery; and such are the windings of the main valley, that, looking from the abbey, it appears on all sides surrounded by hills clothed in wood, rising to the level of the moors above; the central point of a magnificent natural amphitheatre: a grand framework of natural beauty enclosing a noble relic of ancient art."

But imagine this scene, not as now, when seven hundred years of cultivation have passed over it, but when enveloped in dense woods, this network of winding valleys choked with tangled brushwood and briars, with no cottage-smoke to cheer the dark glades, no little crofts or farms to break its monotony, and no voice but of the leaping waters resounding through its pathless glens. What a dreary hush! What a gloomy mantle of brooding obscurity must have lain on this hidden isolated house of perpetual fastings, watchings, and penances! We are told that in those days the only way to the abbey was by a single path, which wound here and there amid the labyrinth of

tangled wood. One of its brethren grew weary of this monotony of life—of the strictness of Cistercian discipline—of the vast and desert stillness that lay like a nightmare on the place, and resolved to make his escape. He plunged into the woods and hurried desperately along, threading the thickets, wading through morasses, clambering up rugged steeples, but becoming only the more involved in the intricacies of these dales and forests. Still he hoped eventually to reach some habitable spot; and towards sunset, just as the shadows cast a deeper gloom, his wish was accomplished. He caught the sound of a bell, and hurried wildly towards it. Soon above the trees peered the towers and spires of a lordly building. He drew near and gazed in amazement—not on the hospitable castle of some neighbouring baron, but on the carved and crocketed front of his own abbey, which he had left in the morning.

The poor monk had experienced what many a wanderer in unknown wilds has experienced, both before and since—what the Australian terms being “bushd.” Confounded by the blinding denseness of the forest, thrown from his intended track by unexpected obstacles, he had grown anxious, and from his anxiety confused. In such a condition all idea of the quarters of the heavens are lost, and the alarmed wanderer goes round in a circuit when he imagines that he is going directly onwards. Many a man in the vast woods of new regions has thus gyrated from day to day till he has fallen exhausted, and left his bones to startle in after years some perhaps equally bewildered traveller. The monk of Rievaulx, more fortunate, on recognizing his old abode, said “The hand of God is in it!” descended the hill, rang the bell, and begged to be again admitted amongst the brethren.

In the course of time Rievaulx, or the abbey in the vale of Rye, became the head of the Cistercian order in England. At

the feast given by Nevill, archbishop of York, on his installation in 1464, the abbot of Rievaulx ranked fourth in the order of precedence at table. The abbey flourished for more than four hundred years, and was presided over by thirty-three abbots, of whom Aelred, the historian of the "Battle of the Standard," was the third. As stated, it was surrendered to the commissioners of Bluff Harry, by Richard de Blyton; its gross income being at that time upwards of £300 per annum, and its net as stated above. The plate of the church amounted to five hundred and sixteen ounces. Some of the tombs, as well as the altar, were richly adorned: that of the abbot Aelred being liberally ornamented with gold and silver. A hundred fodder of lead was stripped from its roofs by the commissioners, its fine bells carried away, and it was left in its then august splendour to the insults and ravages of the long-restrained elements. Its site was granted by Henry, in exchange for other lands, to Thomas Lord Ros, Earl of Rutland, a descendant of the Espec family, through Peter de Ros, who married one of the sisters of the great Walter. Peter de Ros, and others of his family, both knights and ladies, were buried here, and others at the priory of Kirkham. The property descended by marriage to the Duke of Buckingham, and in 1695 it was sold by George, the second duke, to Sir Charles Duncombe, an ancestor of Lord Feverham, the present owner. This George, Duke of Buckingham, was that George Villiers so notorious for his profligacy, and whose miserable end, in a small inn at Kirby Moorside, Pope has so graphically described:—

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung;
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
 The tape-tied curtains never meant to draw:
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,

Great Villiers lies*—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Clevedon's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury,† and love,
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimick'd statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useleſs thousands ends!
His grace's fate ſage Cutler‡ could foreſee,
And well (he thought) adviſed him, "Live like me."
As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?
That I can do, when all I have is gone!"
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſſ'd,
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſſ'd?"

POPE'S MORAL ESSAYS.

The ſtranger, in viſiting Rievaux, ſhould take his firſt view of it from what is called the Duncombe-terrace. Proceeding along a winding carriage-drive, you are admitted at a lodge-gate, and ſuddenly find yourſelf on one of the fineſt natural terraces imaginable. This is now kept beautifully ſmooth, and is adorned at each end by Grecian temples, the interiors of which have been enriched with paintings by Bernici. But the moſt ſtriking ſcene is without; for you find yourſelf on the edge of the noble terrace, looking down into a deep valley, out of which riſes, like an apparition of the paſt, the ruined pile of Rievaux. The effect is moſt impreſſive. There deep below

* This lord, yet more famous for his vices than his miſfortunes, after having been poſſeſſed of about £50,000 a-year, and paſſed through many of the higheſt poſts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687 in a remote inn in Yorkſhire, reduced to the utmoſt miſery.

† "Shrewsbury."—The Counteſs of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been ſaid that during the combat ſhe held the Duke's horſe in the habit of a page.

‡ "Cutler," a notorious miſer.

rises the lofty shattered fabric of this once magnificent abbey, silent as in the hush of ages. Near it a little rustic hamlet, the smoke of whose chimneys ascends with a peacefulness as if still touched by the monastic spirit of the place. Around stretch wooded valleys and ancient pastoral hills, seeming yet lovingly to enshrine this vision of beauty reaching us from the days of a once proud hierarchy, that never dreamed of its temples and cœnobias standing as warnings of the vanity of all ambition, even of that which thinks it has laid eternal foundations in the hopes and fears of the human soul. But let us descend.

The chief remains are those of the transept and the choir, with a portion of the main tower standing at the junction of the transept, and what once was the nave, but of which only the foundation can now be traced. What, in fact, is the present transept, must have been the body of the original church. It bears all the stamp of that early period. Its small, and, for the most part, round-headed windows and rude masonry tell of the Norman period of the days of Walter Espec. The tower is short and broad, like most Norman towers, with its tall narrow lancet windows; but the choir has all the air of a later day. The lofty pillars, its pointed and often deeply-moulded arches, and all its carvings, are of much more advanced style. The whole length of the church was three hundred and forty-eight feet: the nave being one hundred and sixty-six feet long by sixty-three wide; the transept one hundred and eighteen feet long and thirty-three wide. The arch opening from the transept into the choir is seventy-five feet high, and the circumference of the base of each pillar is thirty feet. The side aisles are divided from the centre by eight clustered columns on each side; above is the triforium arcade, consisting of fourteen arches on each side; above which is a passage along

both sides of the choir, going past the windows. The brackets of the columns, rising from between the arches of the lower arcade, are adorned with foliage finely carved, yet as fresh as when first cut.

Though the *tout ensemble* of the church is broken up by ruin, it yet presents to the eye of the imagination the noble



RIEVAUX : OLD GATEWAY.

aspect of the whole when it was complete and in use; its windows filled with painted glass, and the incense floating in clouds amongst its lofty groins and traceried capitals, and the sound of anthems swelling from the choir. The place is worthy of all its fame. The floors of the choir and transept

were cleared of their loads of rubbish in 1819, thus leaving the full height and other proportions of these beautiful remains of English art clear. In 1821 a part of a tessellated pavement was laid bare, near the high altar, and in it were wrought the letters *Abe Maria gr.* This is now preserved in the circular temple at the south end of Duncombe-terrace. Some fragments of stained glass were also found; and it is worthy of remark that stained glass is first mentioned in the North of England, in 1140, as appearing in the windows of Rievaulx.

Most of the other buildings of the abbey, as the cloisters, the abbot's house, the refectory, etc., are in a great state of ruin, and many of them hung with heavy masses of ivy, while the floors are buried beneath heaps of the fallen roofs and walls. But what is this which we have here? On the west side of the refectory there is a mountainous heap of iron slag and cinders, showing that an iron-foundry existed here in some long-past age. It is overgrown with grass, and appears to have been unnoticed, amongst the other mounds and inequalities made up of the fallen materials of the buildings, till late years. When we were there this vast heap was being carted away to mend the roads, and seemed as though it would furnish an excellent supply for that purpose for a very long period. Did the monks, amongst their other occupations, avail themselves of the ore in the neighbourhood, and, bearing the general appellation of "lazy monks," thus employ a portion of their time to their own and the public benefit? There is very little doubt that this was the case. The monks in many places were holders of extensive lands, and industrious improvers of it. They were, in fact, the leaders and stimulators of agriculture, as they were the almost inspired architects and the most exquisite sculptors and carvers of their time. It was not alone in their scriptorium that they copied

missals and breviaries in the most exquisite caligraphy, and embellished them with equally exquisite paintings; it was not alone in writing histories of saints and kings that they employed their time; nor in carving beautiful cups and crucifixes for their altars; nor in working gorgeous copes and chafubles; but they extended their attention to all the more rude and matter-of-fact arts and pursuits of ordinary life. They had farms and mills, and cider-presses, and fisheries with weirs and traps. Some of them, as Roger Bacon, Bishop Grosstête of Lincoln, Dunstan, and others, dived deep into the mysteries of chemistry, and other more occult arts, and nothing is better ascertained than that out of the quiet of a monastery came forth the thunder of gunpowder. They had, too, these "lazy monks," it now appears clearly, their mines and smelting-houses and bloomeries. Not only does this huge heap of slags and droffes bear testimony to the fact, but at Ayton Priory, and in the Forge Valley, near Scarborough, remain the vestiges of those mining and iron-smelting concerns in which they were cut short by the summary commissioners of Henry VIII. We are informed by our friend J. G. Baker, of Thirsk, in Yorkshire, that a rock of from seven to twelve feet thick, running through a range of hills near Scarborough, which one of these monastic brotherhoods worked before the dissolution of their house, is now again being worked, and promises to yield twenty thousand tons of iron ore to the acre, producing thirty per cent. of metal, probably the beginning only of one of the largest iron-producing tracts in the country. Truly these "lazy monks" had their redeeming qualities! They were not all, it would appear, "tarred with the same brush." The monastic system, though not the most natural or wise of institutions, was in fact censurable not so much for its institution as for its corruption. It was the light of dark and barbarous

times. It afforded peaceful spots under the shadow of its sanctity, amid the perpetual turbulence and ravage of war. It preserved in its libraries the learning of the old world—the Bible amongst the rest; and it originated or perfected the chief arts of the new: architecture, sculpture, carving, caligraphy, painting on canvas, wood, vellum, and glass. Astrology, the rude parent of astronomy; alchemy, the equally rude but cunning-looking parent of chemistry; botany, and the introduction of new plants and fruits, medicine, and metaphysics—all received a loving welcome in the cells of monks, and won substantial advances at their hands. Agriculture was prosecuted with great zeal, especially by the Cistercians; and it now appears that we must add the researches of mining and the labour of forges to their list of industries. Let us remember the energetic as well as the lazy monks; the scientific as well as the ignorant; the virtuous and enterprising as well as the sordid and sensual; the Bernards, the Bacons, the Grostêstes, and many a shrewd and diligent labourer who has left no name, as well as the swinish herd which roused the ire and gave such pungency to the satire of Chaucer, who lived in the midst of it. Even as we approach the fallen shrines of this much and justly abused race of men, remembering their many beautiful arts and achievements, and the world of once great and wise hearts which beat there, we may, in the words of Lord Byron, say—

“Stop, for thy tread is on an empire’s dust!”



Furness Abbey.

AN apparition hung amid the hush
Of the lone vale ; whether exhaled from earth
Or dropt from heaven, as yet my beating heart,
That quaked unto the sudden solitude,
Knew not, nor cared to know—a mist—a cloud—
Material shadow—or a spiritual dream !
Slowly and waveringly it seemed to change
Into a hoary edifice, o'erhung
By hoary trees with mouldering boughs as mute
E'en as the mouldering stones—a ghostlike show !
Uncertain in their tremor where to rest,
Like birds disturbed at night, my startled thoughts
Floated around the dim magnificence
Of air-woven roofs, and arches light as air
Spanning the faded sunset, till the Pile,
Still undergoing, as my spirit gazed
Intensfier and intensfier through the gloom,
Strange transformation from the beautiful
To the sublime, breathing alternately
Life-kindling hope and death-foretelling fear,
Majestically settled down at last
Into its own religious character,
A house of prayer and penitence—dedicate
Hundreds of years ago to God, and Her
Who bore the Son of Man ! An abbey fair
As ever lifted reverentially
The solemn quiet of its stately roof
Beneath the moon and-stars.

PROFESSOR WILSON.



N that remarkable promontory in the north-west of Lancashire, which runs out into the sea opposite to Walney Isle, and between the river Duddon and the waters of Morecambe Bay, stand the ruins of the once princely abbey of Furness. This name it derives from the promontory which anciently bore the name of Fuder-ness, or the further nose or promontory, a Scandinavian name, testifying, like so many of our promontories which bear the name of nefs, to the one-time sojourn of the Northmen. This promontory or peninsula, now condensed into Furness, is hemmed in by the hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the inland portion of it partaking of the hilly and rocky character of those counties, is known as High Furness, or Furness Fells. In Low Furness, or the portion of lower and more fertile land approaching the sea, and in a deep glen by the way as you proceed from Ulverstone to the Isle of Walney, the monks of Furness fixed their sheltered abode. They exercised that tact for which monks were so famous in the selection of their site. Whilst extending their lordship over the higher and wilder districts of the peninsula, where they could enjoy all the privileges of free warren and of the chase, collecting the tribute of its mountain-streams in the shape of trout, they had seated themselves amid the pastoral fatness of the land. Besides this, their territory abounded in stone and timber for building, and in wealth of minerals, iron and lead, of which we have had occasion to note that they fully comprehended the value. The valley in which they erected their abbey was named by the Saxons Bekansgill, or the valley of Nightshade, from the growth of that beautiful but deadly plant, the *Atropa Belladonna*, still to be found flou-

rishing amid its ruins. So says John Still, the poetical historian of the abbey in the reign of Henry VI.—

“Hæc vallis tenuit olim sibi nomen ab herba
Bekan, qua viruit, dulcis nunc, tunc fed acerba ;
Inde domus nomen, Beckanfgill, claruit ante.”

Hence, too, the nightshade figures largely in the armorial devices of the ancient seal of the abbey.

Furness was founded in 1127, by monks from the monastery of Savigni, who were invited by Stephen, Earl of Bologne, afterwards King Stephen, to whom the lordship had been



granted. These monks were of the Cistercian order, as was so generally the case with those who founded the abbeys of the twelfth century. It is noteworthy that, of the ten abbeys and priories which we have introduced into this volume, the whole of them, without our having selected them on that account, seem either to have been founded or refounded in the twelfth century. Three of these—Glastonbury, Iona, and Melrose—were ancient British churches, taken possession of and refounded by the Roman Catholics. Of these, too, no fewer than nine were possessed by the Cistercian order, and, therefore, with one exception, dedicated, according to their wont, to St. Mary: namely:—

Fountains, founded 1132, dedicated to St. Mary.

Rievaulx, ditto 1131, ditto ditto.

Tintern, ditto 1131, ditto ditto.

Melrose, refounded 1136, ditto ditto.

Holyrood, founded 11—, ditto ditto.

Furness, ditto 1127, ditto ditto.

Lantheny, ditto 1108, ditto St. Augustine.

Glastonbury, refounded 12th cent., Mary and Jesus

Iona, ditto ditto ditto ditto.

The twelfth century was the period of the ascendancy of the Cistercian order. Of the seventeen chief abbeys and priories of Yorkshire, thirteen were founded in that century, and of these, six were Cistercian. Those founded earlier were generally Benedictine, and the later Carthusian or Franciscan.

Furness, indeed, had a Benedictine origin, Savigni being originally a house of that order; but the fourth abbot of Savigni surrendered the house and all its dependencies to St. Bernard, the great abbot of Clairvaux, to become Cistercian; and though Peter of York, the fourth abbot of Furness, went to Rome and obtained an order from the Pope to disobey this

cession, he was, on his return, seized by the monks of Savigni, and compelled to resign his abbey, and remain a monk there, Furness continuing Cistercian. In its early days Furness had also a struggle for precedence with the abbey of Waverley in Surrey, which was also Cistercian, on the ground that Waverley was founded a little posterior to it. But it was ruled by the pope that Waverley should stand at the head of all the Cistercian houses in England; but that Furness should stand second, and Rievaulx third: though some authors have placed Rievaulx first.

The charter of Stephen conferred on Furness immense estates, which endowed it with almost regal power. In this and succeeding charters they are described as possessing the right of fishery in Lancaster, Staplethorne, Furness Forest, the Isle of Walney, and the chace of Walney, the fishery of Dalton, Winterburne, Fordbotle, Crinleton, Rose, Berdesley, Newby, Sellesec, etc. The abbot had, also, amongst other privileges, sheriff's term, assize of bread and beer, wreck of the sea, wayf and estray, infangenetheof, and free chace in Dalton, Kyrkeby, Ireleth, Penyngton, Ulverston, Aldingham, Legh, and Urfewyk in Furness. He was free from county fines and amercements, and from county suits and wapentakes, for himself and men in those towns; and to have a market, fair, and gallows in Dalton; with full authority to make summons and attachments by his bailiff in Furness. In short he had all the power of a sovereign prince over life and death. The serjeantry or stewardship was of such importance that it was usually held by men of high rank. In the reign of Edward III. we find Sir Robert de Holland holding this office; and in that of Henry VIII. Cardinal Wolsey soliciting it for Stanley, Earl of Derby.

The size and splendour of the abbey was in keeping with

this secular greatness ; in these respects it was second only to Fountains in Yorkshire. It continued in this full-blown dignity and wealth till the dissolution, when its revenues amounted, according to Speed, to £766 7s. 10d.; but according to Dugdale to £805 16s. 5d., exclusive of the woods, meadows, pastures, and fisheries, retained by the monks in their own hands, and of the shares of moneys, mills, and saltworks, which belonged to the abbey. The number of the abbots from first to last was thirty-eight. The first abbot was Evan de Abrineis from Savigni ; the last, who surrendered it to the commissioners of Henry VIII., on the 9th of April, 1537, was Roger Pyle. By a singular custom, however, of this abbey, only ten abbots are recorded in the mortuary or dead book, for when an abbot had presided ten years he was translated or deposed. All such abbots as died before the tenth year were not entered in this book ; but only such as were allowed to be exceptions to the rule of translation or deposition, and to continue abbots beyond their decade till their death. Of these there were during the whole time only ten. No other abbey of the same order had this singular custom.

With their large estates the monks seem to have exercised a grand hospitality. Mr. West, in his history of the abbey, says that in the course of a dispute betwixt the abbot and the attorney of the duchy of Lancaster, in 1582, some curious proofs of this came up. One deponent, aged seventy-eight, said that he had many times seen the tenants resort to the monastery on tunning days, sometimes with twenty, sometimes with thirty horses, and had delivered to every of them firkins or barrels of beer, or ale, each containing ten or twelve gallons ; and the same was worth 10d. or 12d. a barrel at that time. A dozen loaves of bread were delivered to every one that had a barrel of ale or beer ; which bread and beer, or ale,

were delivered weekly ; and every dozen loaves was worth 6*d.* Another deponent had known divers children of the tenants and their servants to have come from the plough, or other work, into the said abbey, where they had dinner or supper ; and the children of the said tenants came divers times to the said abbey, and were suffered to come to school and learning within the said monastery. This was confirmed by a third, who said there was both a grammar school and a song school in the monastery, to which the children of the tenants that paid pensions were free to come and resort ; and that he was at the said school. And Richard Banks deposed that the tenants and their families and children did weekly receive charity and devotion, over and above the relief and commodities before rehearsed, to the value of 40*s.* sterling. The abbot and monks did not submit to the deprivation of their splendid estate and patronage without a struggle. They took a distinguished lead in exciting those they had so long maintained to the celebrated Pilgrimage of Grace.

The remains of the abbey bear the character of their early origin. They combine the massiveness of the Saxon with the superior grace of the Norman architecture. The roof, being stripped of its lead, soon fell in, and the work of ruin went rapidly on. That of the chapter-house being spared, the roof did not fall till the middle of the eighteenth century. It was vaulted, and formed of twelve ridged arches, supported by six pillars in two rows, at fourteen feet distance from each other. The entrance, or front, to this graceful building is by one of the finest circular arches, deeply receding and richly ornamented, with a portico on each side ; the whole supported by massive sculptured pillars. A very good description of Furness in its present state is given by Edward Baines in his "Companion to the Lakes." He says, "I turned from the high

road into a lane shaded by oaks, running down a narrow valley, or glen, called the Glen of the Deadly Nightshade : and at the bottom of this glen, under the solemn shade of majestic forest trees, I came upon the ruins of the famous abbey of Furness. I beheld it standing with a grassy area in front, and enclosed on each side by noble groves of plane-tree, ash and oak. Though much shattered, and having lost the central tower, it is still extensive and magnificent. Lofty walls and arches, clustered columns, and long-drawn aisles, remain ; and the fine symmetry and noble proportions of the arches contrast most picturesquely with the rents and fissures of the pile. The former extent of the building may in some degree be judged of, when I state that what remains measures five hundred feet from north to south, and three hundred from east to west."

"The abbey lies in a nook, apparently so secluded that it might be deemed the utmost corner of the earth ; but you have only to ascend the hills on either side, and you look ahead on the wide world, embracing all the extent of sea and land visible from the shores of the bay of Morecambe. The college and the school-house are the most complete apartments remaining. The former has an arched roof, still quite perfect : its tall narrow windows have no arch, but terminate upwards in the shape of a pediment. The school-house is equally perfect, but is smaller and less ornamental."

After describing the remains of the kitchens and the noble refectories, he says,—“Passing through the cloisters, of which only the skeletons remain, we entered the church under the great central tower, the lofty arches of which are yet standing. The eastern window is of vast dimensions, and its ornamental frame was anciently filled with painted glass, some of which yet exists in the church of Bowness, Windermere. In the wall at the right of the window, are four stalls with a fretted

canopy, where the priests sat at intervals during the service of mass, and both its rows of pillars are gone. Their bases, which remain, show that the pillars were alternately round and clustered. Four statues of admirable workmanship,—two of marble, and two of stone,—are shown to the visitor. One is in chain armour ; two others are also in armour, and the fourth



FURNESS ABBEY ; NORTH TRANSEPT.

is a lady. They are in the recumbent posture, and have lain upon sepulchral monuments. Near the central tower are three chapels, with pavements of ornamental brickwork, and traces of altars. At the western end of the church is a winding staircase, still perfect, ascending to the top of the building, from

whence you have an interesting view of the ruin. The head of Stephen, the founder of the abbey, and that of Maud, his queen, both crowned, are seen on the outside of the eastern window."

The liberty and lordship of Furness remained in the crown from the period of the dissolution till 1662, when Charles II. granted them to Monk, the Duke of Albemarle, and his heirs, for his services in securing his return to his throne. The property passed by Monk's granddaughter, to Henry, duke of Buccleuch, in which family it still remains. Some of the leaseholders of Furness previous to the grant by Charles, of the name of Preston, employed the materials of the abbey to construct them a manor-house on the former site of the abbot's house. Such is the story and the *status quo* of venerable Furness:

And though Time
Has hushed the choral anthems, and o'erthrown
The altar, nor the holy crucifix
Spared, whereon hung outstretched in agony
Th' Eternal's visioned arms, 'tis dedicate
To prayer and penitence still. So said the hush
Of earth and heaven unto the setting sun,
Speaking, methought, to nightly-wandering man,
With a profounder warning than the burst
Of hymns in morn or evening orisons
Chanted within imagination's ear,
By suplicants, whose dust hath long been mixed
With that of the hard stones on which they slept,
In cells that heard their penitential prayers;
The cloisters, where between the hours of prayer
The brethren walked in whispering solitude,
Or fate with bent-down head, each in his niche
Fixed as stone image with his rosary
In pale hands, dropping on each mystic bead
To Mary Mother mild a contrite tear.

PROFESSOR WILSON.



With this sketch we close our present excursions amongst the Castles and Abbeys of England. Whilst recalling for a moment the past glories of these memorials of a vanished condition of human society in these islands, we have felt strongly, not only the fragmental beauty of their remains, but the lessons and the encouragements that they afford us. They stand amid the fair landscapes of England as if meant only to stud them with gems of additional loveliness; but from amongst their ivy-mantled walls, where huge trees strike their roots into their once hallowed or dreaded pavements, and the wild rose and the wall-flower fling their hues and fragrance from traceried windows once gorgeous with emblazoned glass, there come to us whispers of retribution and of the profound purposes of Providence. In no country besides our own, do we meet with such numbers of the graceful skeletons and fractured bones of the once proud forms of papal greatness. We are so accustomed to regard these with the eye of poetry and pictorial effect, that we almost forget at times the stupendous power of which they are the signs, and of the great conflict and victory of which they preserve the remembrance. How little do we now realize the state, and the veneration amounting to terror, with which these superb palaces and temples of a gigantic priesthood were surrounded! With what feelings an ignorant and simple population gazed on their sculptured towers and quaintly-chiselled pinnacles, and at the sound of their matin or their vesper anthems prostrated their souls before an overshadowing dread which drew its triple force from the powers of earth, of heaven, and of hell—which came armed with assumptions more than regal, from the King of kings, and his viceroy, sitting afar off on some distant throne, around which, in the clouded imaginations of the long-bowed-down multitude, flashed the lights of Deity, and beneath which roared the fires of delegated damna-

tion. How little do we now realize the messages which came from time to time, from that distant but all-potent presence, blasting, as it were, the monarch on his throne, hurling him down in the dust at the feet of legate and nuncio, and shutting up the doors of church and grave to his banned and shuddering people ! How little feel we the amazing strength of those rumours of this representative of Divinity who went forth amid the dust-covered heads of nobles, along a path paved with the prone faces of the multitude, and with monarchs proud to hold the bridle and the stirrup of his steed !—How little the deep reverence which like an aura rose up from the broad lands and wealthy farms, the dark vast forests alive with deer and wild cattle, from the streams and the mountains that lay around the palaces of these satraps of that spiritual king, and set them above the steel-clad barons, themselves so haughty and august. We no longer see those great estates, those gorgeous houses, raised by the miraculous force of arts which they and kings only could command ; those Gothic temples, carved and crocketed and pinaced, with their great storied windows blazing with the colours of the rainbow, and with all the solemnities of sacred record. On us the sculptured majesty of monarchs and saints no longer looks down from the awful fronts and within the gilded shrines of those temples. We approach no longer trembling those high altars glittering with heaped jewels and gold, spread with resplendent tapestry, as with the colours of the celestial realms, lit by tapers emulating the clustered columns that bore up the groined and escutcheoned roofs, and amid the blaze of sun-glowing windows dazzling with pageantry of dyes ; amid canopied tombs, carved as in snowiest ivory, of warriors and kings and prelates ; amid the sound of pealing organs, amid the choral thunder of human voices, mingled in dread harmony like the sound of

heaven's own hosts. No longer with the same palpitating souls do we behold the great mitred abbot issue, with his train like a very army, with crozier and cross and banner borne before him, and with glittering battle-axes following on stalwart shoulders, as he went forth to attend as a great temporal and spiritual peer in Parliament. No longer do we drop with all our kith and kin on our knees, and, as the solemn dignitary slowly passes by on his plump mule, in comparison of damask and gold, receive the blessing from his extended hands. Those hands ! which could, to the general belief, open the gates of Paradise, or lock them up at pleasure ; open the place of purgatorial or of more consuming fires !

Such was, during the reign of Rome, the living period of these houses, the heaviness of the weight that lay on the souls of men. We can talk of it, but we cannot feel it. It is beyond words, beyond the subtlest force of re-creative imagination. Such an incubus of death can live and stretch its bloated body and its dragon wings only over generations blind and catalepted by ignorance. With our light and our intellectual activity, we can no more inspire ourselves with a sense of that worse than Egyptian bondage, than we can conceive of some yet untried state of being.

But at once the thunderbolt fell. In the pride and confidence of that great system, it fell. As yet no yellow leaf shone ominous on its tree ; as yet no trembling paralysis of age shook it, no grey hair drooped on its temple ; but in the lustrous day and summer of its strength the thunder crashed, and the ruins of its glory strewed the earth. The irate hand of the temporal struck down the spiritual Titan. The stout arm of the Tudor, strung by passion and resentment, struck, and broke, the livid arm of Rome. Three hundred years have passed, and the power which was so wounded lives on elsewhere.

It is only now that the temporal papacy totters to its fall, whilst its spiritual influence still lives, and shall long live, over vast lands. But here these ruins stand, as the Jews stand amid the Christian world, significant monuments of what has been, and yet shall be. They tell us that if any enemy oppresses us, if any power in its haughty tyranny lead us to question whether God and Justice still live—God and Justice do live, and salvation will surely come in the appointed time. It may not wait till the injury has grown old and feeble; but a summer cloud may bring the electric flash, and the blue regenerate sky shine out above us, ere we can well have said—"God defend us!"

And now, from these fallen haunts and tabernacles of the past spiritual dynasty, come up more reconciled and musical voices. The wrath and the resentment have died out, and we remember only the beauties and the benefits. We recall the works of literature preserved, the science delved after, the arts cherished, and the benevolence practised towards the poor. We seek, though yet with unequal success, to revive the architectural genius which evolved these fallen fanes; amid their crumbling stones and clasping ivy we seek for principles of grace and truth; and these point us smilingly to that inexhaustible source whence mediæval builders drew their laws and forms—to all-informing, God-informed Nature. To these voices, to this great school-mistress, we cannot listen too much or too frequently amid the beautiful remains of the Castles and Abbeys of England.



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